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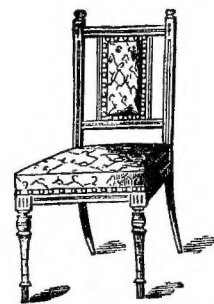
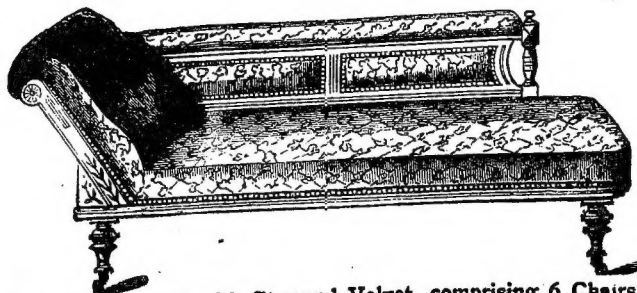
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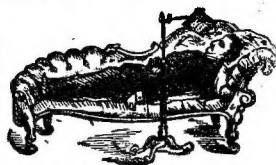
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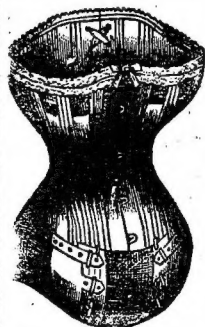


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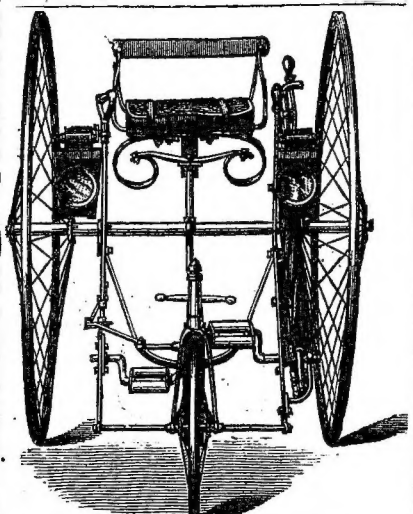
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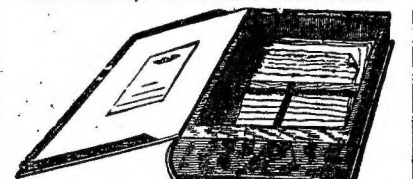
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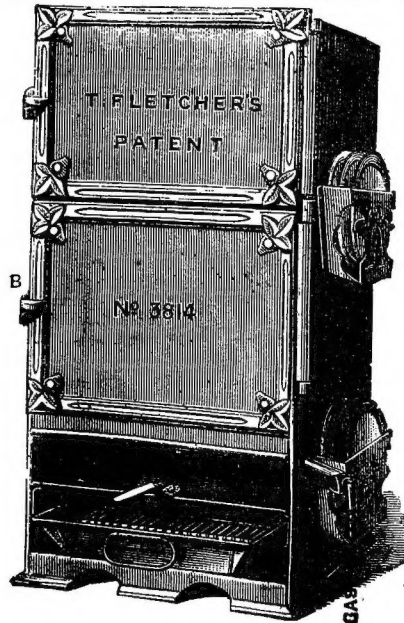
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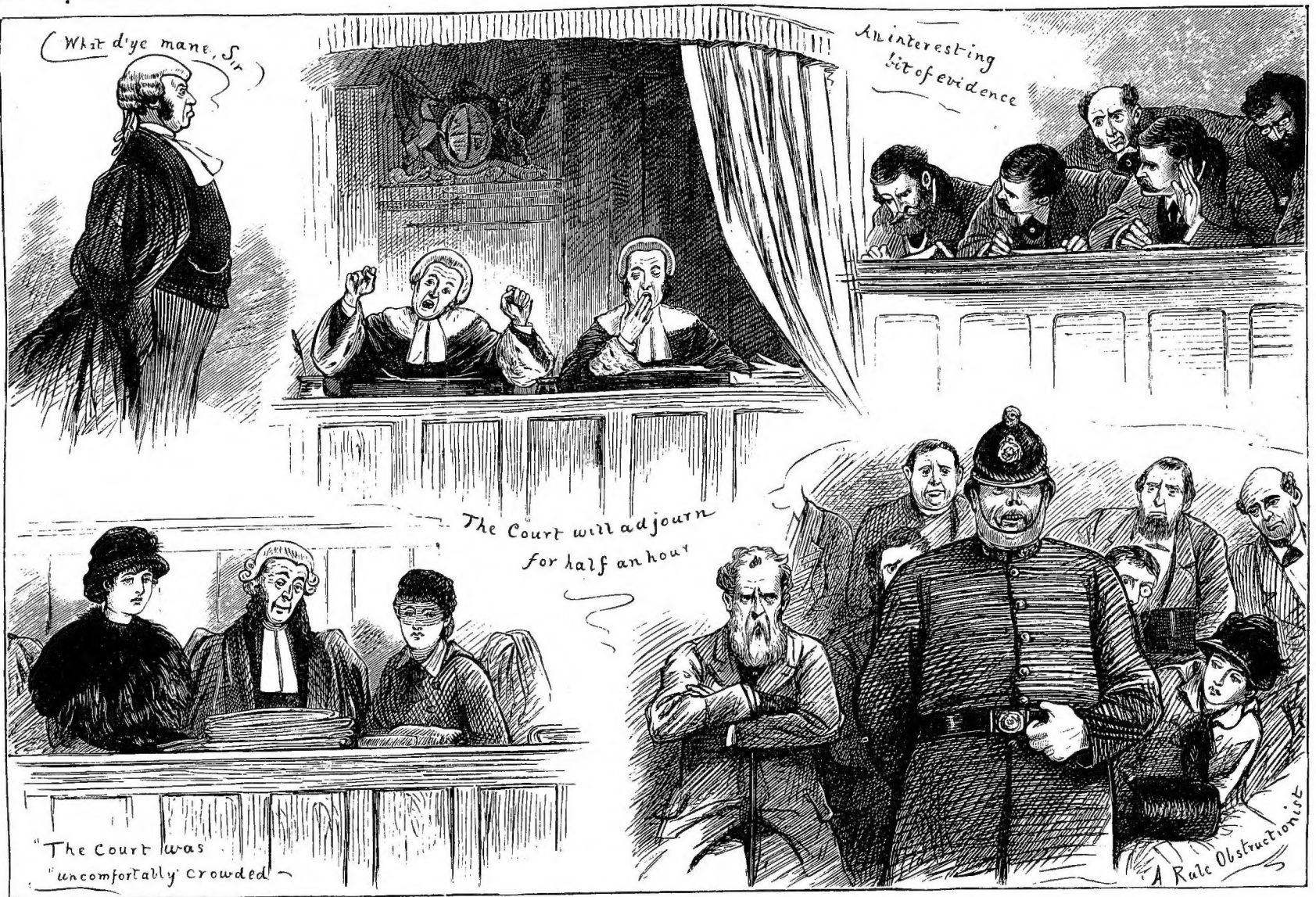
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Mr. Michael Davitt

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THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND

Topics of the Week

NEMESIS.—The evils inseparable from party Government have frequently been pointed out, but it is not often that they are so strikingly exhibited as in the present position of affairs in England. Had the Liberals opposed the Tory Government in a temperate spirit, and had their criticisms been approved by the majority of the constituencies, there is no reason to suppose that on their return to power they would have been confronted by an unusual number of difficulties. What they did, however, was to denounce Lord Beaconsfield in unmeasured language, and to pledge themselves to reverse his policy. The results are now plain enough, and probably nobody regrets the violence of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues so much as they do themselves. Everywhere they have to deal with perplexities which are either entirely due to their own imprudence, or have been rendered more complicated by their vehement speeches. In Eastern Europe English influence has almost ceased to be of the slightest importance, and we may soon see questions in which we are deeply interested disposed of by Powers whose sympathies have been recklessly alienated. We are obliged to "scuttle from Candahar" for no better reason than that in a period of electioneering excitement the Afghan War was condemned as wicked. In Ireland one of the most dangerous agitations of modern times has been stimulated by Mr. Gladstone's wild statement about the manner in which the proposal to establish the Irish Church was brought within the range of practical politics, and by his vague humanitarian promises. Even the rising in the Transvaal must be traced mainly to his well-known utterances about the inalienable rights of nationalities. The lesson to be derived from all this is sufficiently obvious; and it is likely to be still further impressed upon us by very disagreeable experience.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE SPEAKER.—It has been the custom of recent years—for formerly he was often treated with very scant ceremony—to profess exceeding deference to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and to regard him as hedged around with a sort of divine majesty. The paralysis of public business, however, which has prevailed for several sessions past, coupled with the occurrence of constant "scenes" in the House, leads the unbiassed outsider to suspect that the deference which is paid to the Speaker is rather nominal than real, and that the awful dignity (we speak of the office, not of the individual holding it) is rather of the nature of a solemn sham. In the composition of the modern Speaker, there seems to be too much wig and mace and not enough human being. We must not attribute undue weight to the Parliamentary precedents of two hundred years ago, because the habit of discipline and obedience was much stronger then than now. But at all events it is pretty clear that the Speakers of the first half of the seventeenth century possessed more personal influence than the Speakers of the last half of the nineteenth century. The Speaker ought to know better than any man in the House when legitimate discussion degenerates into mere obstruction. For example, these recent amendments to the Address, and the debates tacked thereto, have been nothing better than sheer barefaced obstruction from beginning to end. A knot of Irishmen, who wilfully confuse liberty with license, have taken advantage of rules intended for persons who understand the principles of free debate, and have thus talked against time in order to delay the passage of measures which are distasteful to them. If the Speaker were to say successively to these gentlemen, after a few minutes of their oratory, "Sir, the House has heard enough from you. I bid you be silent," there would be a "scene" or two at first, but we firmly believe, to quote a well-known example of distorted metaphor, that "the Hydra head of Obstruction would have received an effectual rap on the knuckles." As the House of Commons is really in danger of becoming contemptible, it should, by resolution and without debate, confer this power on the Speaker. There would be no fear of his abusing his trust.

REMEDIES AGAINST OBSTRUCTION.—On the one hand, Mr. Gladstone is preparing an elaborate series of Resolutions as a cure for this alarming disease; on the other hand, the Irish Irreconcilables are proposing to go on obstructing even if they are sent to gaol for it. Foreign Parliaments have all got some form or other of the *clôture*, and it looks as if we should have to adopt something of the same sort, only we hope an English name will be found for the arrangement. But this elaborate system of "shut-up" seems more fitted to prevent the deadlocks which would otherwise occasionally arise in all Assemblies composed of heterogeneous elements than as a remedy for our present troubles. For the Irish Obstructives something is needed of a simpler and more sledge-hammer sort. It is painful to have to say so, but these men act like an alien element in the machinery of the British Constitution, the reason being that, as regards Ireland, they hate the British Constitution, and would like to subvert it. Men holding such views are sure, if they are allowed to do so, to abuse the freedom of debate. The plan we have suggested is that the Speaker, intervening on behalf of the House, should command them to be silent. Should they refuse, and become utterly impracticable, we must carry on the government of Ireland without their assistance. It

is of no use mincing matters; either the Obstructives must consent to act like Constitutional M.P.'s; or we must let them have their own way, which is equivalent to letting Ireland drift into a kind of anarchical independence; or we must govern Ireland like a Crown Colony. We honestly believe that the last plan would be a great blessing for poor Erin. If she could be kept "out of politics" for fifty years, and demagogues and so-called patriots were sternly discountenanced; if, in short, she were governed as despotically yet as impartially and beneficently as India is governed, capital and enterprise would speedily be attracted, and the miserable poverty which now forms the agitators' opportunity would before long be banished. But such an heroic reform as this is as unlikely to happen under the present Whig-Radical Government as the introduction into Ireland of a body of green-complexioned colonists from the planet Mars.

CANDAHAR AND AYOUB KHAN.—The determination of the Government to withdraw from Candahar has already begun to produce serious results. Had an announcement been made that we intended to keep it, or at any rate that we would not abandon it until we had established a satisfactory system of government, it is probable that Ayoub Khan would have given up his pretensions. Now, however, he has been encouraged to prepare for the renewal of his attack; and it is certain that when our troops are recalled he will advance from Herat. His partisans have, it seems, taken possession of so many of the roads to the west and north of Candahar that the English force is in danger of being blockaded; and it is expected that there will be an increasing difficulty in obtaining grain and forage. If he can already pursue so bold a course, what may be anticipated when his army is reorganised and he has nothing to fear from England? Candahar will inevitably become subject to him; and he will then be in a position to think of adding Cabul to his other conquests. Even, however, if he did not attempt to seize northern Afghanistan, there would be danger enough in his possession of the southern and eastern part of the country. If we are too generous to think of our own interests, we might surely give some attention to the probable effect of our policy on the Afghans. We are about to plunge them into a period of bitter strife, when it would be comparatively easy for us to maintain peace and to promote the permanent welfare of the population.

SNOW IN LONDON.—We have had in our midst during the last few days a personage in a white coat, who as an Obstructionist puts to shame the puny efforts of the Biggars and Parnells. Snow has been King this week; he has occupied a vast amount of space in the daily papers, and his doings have attracted far more eager readers than the interminable oratory of Hibernian "patriots" in the House of Commons. To a Northern American Tuesday's snow storm would seem rather a "one-horse affair," but to us denizens of this "tight little island," where, except in the supply of fog, Nature works on a very modest and moderate scale, the visitation was phenomenal. If our memory serves us rightly there has not been such a downfall in London for fourteen years, and what added to the peculiarity of the occurrence was that the snow fell, not as English snow generally falls, half-thawing and with a calm atmosphere, but hard frozen, and driven along by a biting north-easterly "blizzard." In fact, if the thermometer had been twenty degrees lower, one might have imagined one's self in New York. Such visitations being rare here, an exceptionally heavy snow-fall completely paralyses the street traffic, and the greater part of the snow, at any rate on the footpaths, is eventually removed by private enterprise. It is a moot point whether, all things considered, this happy-go-lucky plan answers best, or whether it would not be preferable to have a metropolitan snow-brigade who should turn out at once to cope with the white-uniformed invader. We speak doubtfully, because the problem is not easy of solution, but it is plain that with such a snowfall as that of Tuesday it is both useless and cruel to send out a gang of workhouse paupers. We have just been having a try at the removal of our own domestic snow, in order to allow the butcher and baker, &c., to get entrance to the house, and therefore we can practically bear witness that it requires a man to be pretty active and muscular, and to be skilled in the use of broom and shovel, in order to make any decided impression on such deep snow-drifts. The truth is that these heavy snowfalls are so exceptional that they always take us by surprise. When the thaw comes, the inconvenience is forgotten, and so we shall probably potter on upon our present system, as long as the climate of London remains what it is.

GREEK THREATS.—In its latest Note the Porte manifests a genuinely conciliatory spirit. While insisting that Greece has no real claim to a rectification of frontier, it professes its willingness to make concessions for the sake of peace; and it even invites the Powers to agree upon some line between the proposals contained in its October Note and those of the Berlin Conference. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the Greek Government might obtain peacefully a considerable extension of territory; and it is urged by Europe not to let so favourable an opportunity escape. It still refuses, however, to abate its pretensions. The decision of the Berlin Conference must, it holds, be considered final; and it continues to prepare for the assertion of its claims by force. It may have no serious intention of going to war, but its threats are undoubtedly disquieting, and

it may go so far that retreat will become impossible. If Greece really means to fight, she must have convinced herself that she will receive help. M. Tricoupis, indeed, openly asserts in his journal that England and France are preparing to support her; and there is reason to fear that his repeated statements to this effect have produced a strong impression on his countrymen. A few weeks ago there seemed to be ground for his belief; but it is very doubtful now whether either France or England would intervene. England is so much occupied with difficulties of her own that she is in no mood for fresh enterprises, and France is too anxious about her future to involve herself in unnecessary complications. In these circumstances Greece is playing a very dangerous game, and it is to be hoped that her true position will be made clear to her before she risks everything in a moment of fanatical impulse.

SCARLET FEVER INFECTION.—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" When we read Mrs. Bright's interesting letter, showing how she diligently anointed her little patient with oil, and when we found that she was warmly backed up by the Medical Officer of Health for Marylebone, and that it was proposed to have public establishments whither scarlet fever patients could be conveyed, and in which both their bodies, their clothes, and their bedding could be rendered absolutely non-infectious, we felt quite a thrill of delight. Against scarlet fever, unlike small-pox (if Mr. P. A. Taylor will permit us to say so) there is no prophylactic, and hitherto it has been most difficult to avoid disseminating the infection. Scarlet fever convalescents, naturally enough sent away for change of air, have continually infected persons in public conveyances and seaside lodgings. Children's winter parties have also proved efficacious in spreading the malady, simply because some of the company, if they have not had the complaint themselves, have been staying in an infected house. Schoolmasters and schoolmistresses after the Christmas holidays watch their pupils' health with especial anxiety, knowing that a single case of sore throat may mean the temporary break-up of the establishment. From these and such like terrors we fancied Mrs. Bright and Mr. Wynter Blyth had delivered us. But alas! *Audi alteram partem*. Skilled surgeons connected with the Fever Hospital tell us in so many words that the much-vaunted oiling system is a delusion, that it is most dangerous to trust to it, and that the only chance of reducing the present average number of scarlet fever cases is by a rigorous isolation of the convalescing patients. This isolation, as we all know, is, in the case of most persons, a very difficult matter to manage, and, as the risk of catching the complaint chiefly falls on strangers, for whom careless and unconscientious people have no special solicitude, it is to be feared that, unless isolation be made compulsory by law, the process of transmitting the disease will go merrily on.

OVERWORKED SHOPWOMEN.—We are glad to see that an association of ladies has been formed for the purpose of promoting "early shopping," and it is to be hoped that their example will be extensively followed. There can be no doubt that shopwomen are at present a badly-used class. Their work begins early, and goes on to a late hour; and the time set apart for their hastily-snatched meals is the only break in their dreary employment. This state of things would be bad enough even if it were not injurious to health; for these young women have surely a right to claim some opportunity for other occupations besides those undertaken for their employers. They are as fond of innocent social pleasures as their neighbours, and it is impossible for them to find much real enjoyment after a hard day's work which exhausts both mind and body. A more genuine grievance could scarcely be submitted to the attention of the public; and it is satisfactory to know that a serious effort to remedy it is at last about to be made. That ladies could effect a reform if they pleased is certain; for they could make it the interest of the employers to be less exacting in their demands. The ladies who are taking the lead in this matter ought also to insist that shopwomen shall have permission to be seated during the intervals which elapse between the serving of customers. In some warehouses this privilege has, we believe, been conceded; but the ordinary rule is still that they shall be on their feet all day. Much suffering is thus inflicted on delicate women, and we are sure it would not be tolerated if the full extent of the hardship were generally realised.

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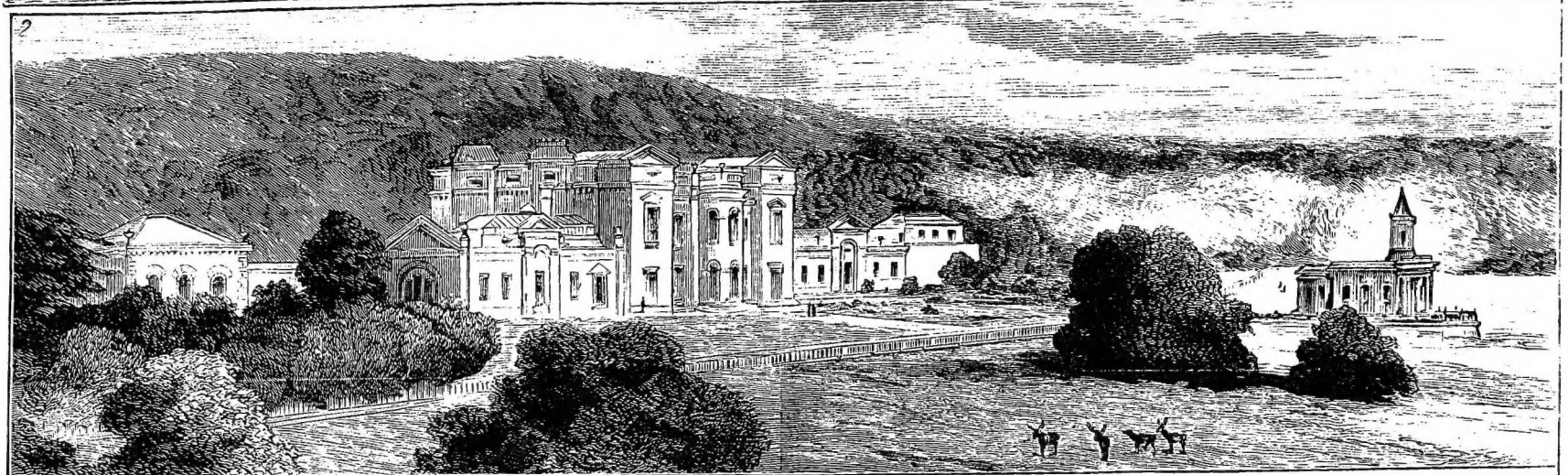
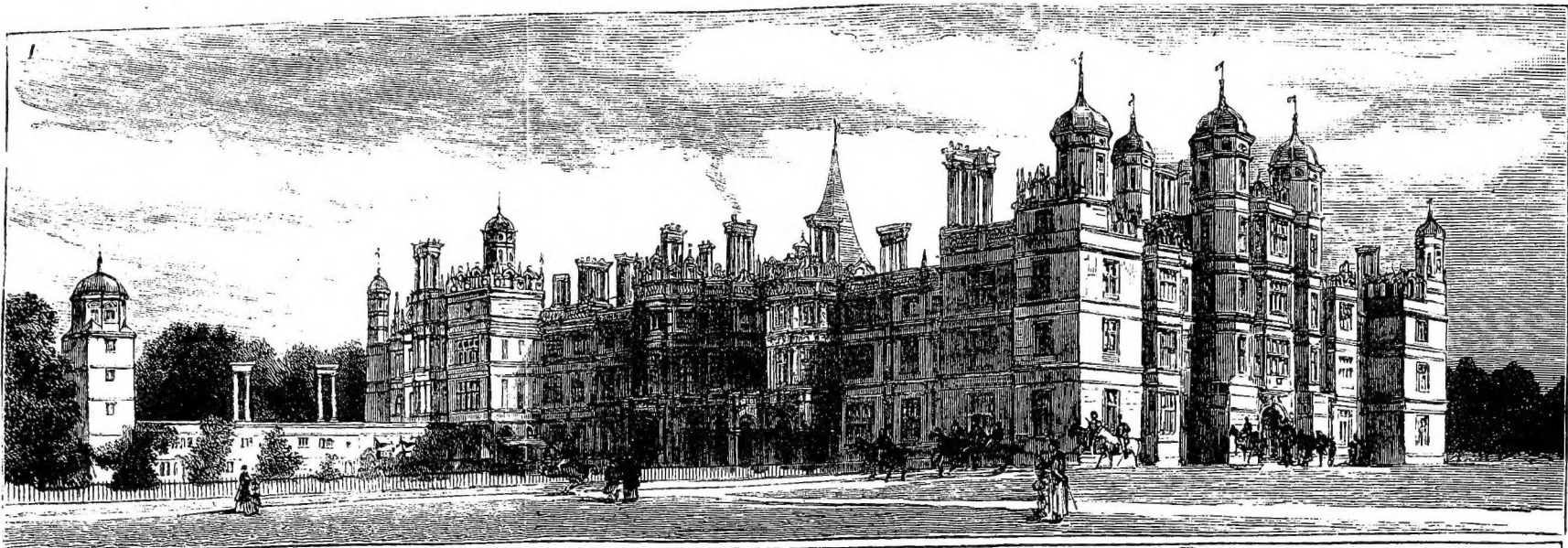
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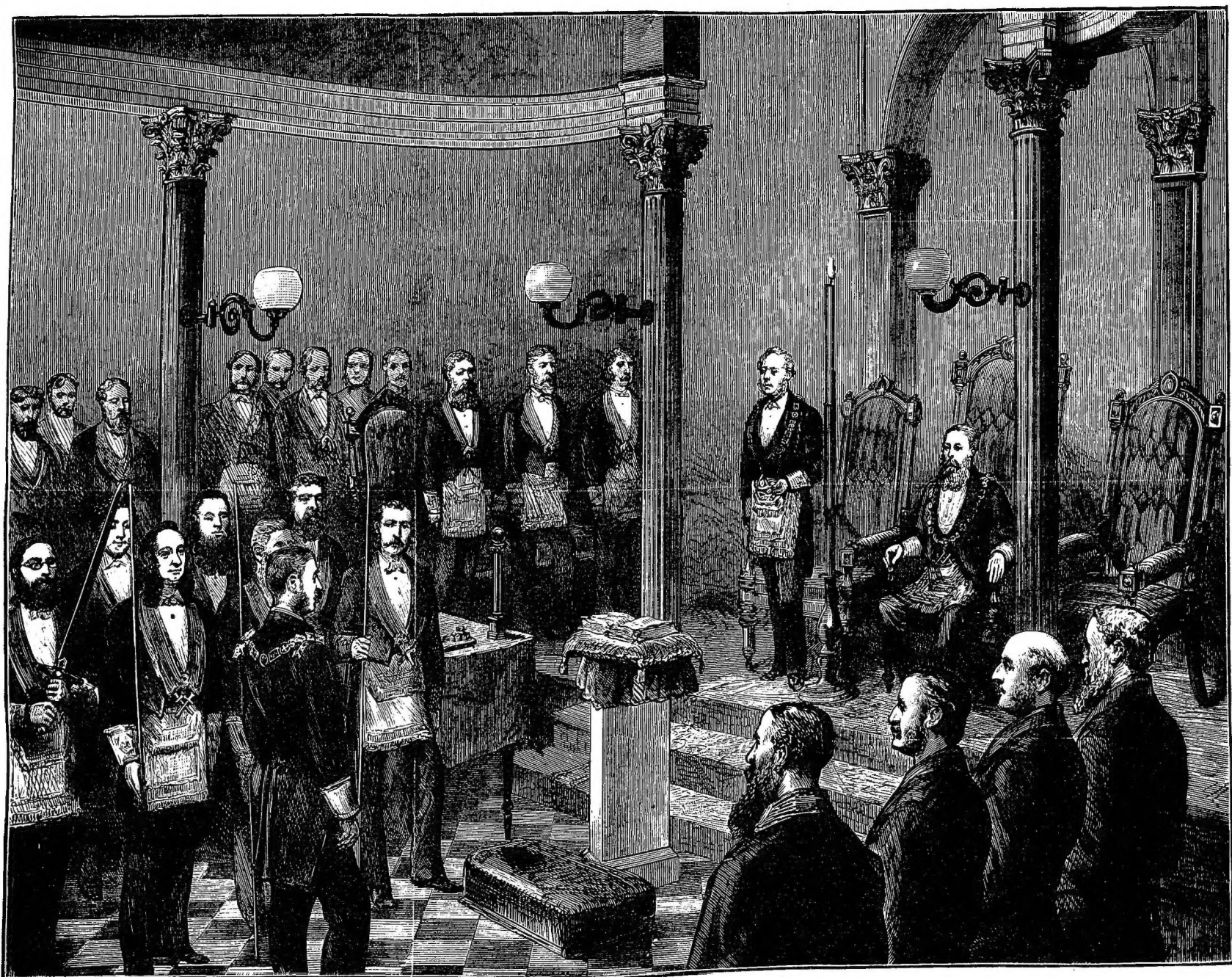


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THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA—A SOUP KITCHEN AT ST. PETERSBURG



FREEMASONRY IN IRELAND—INSTALLATION OF THE MARQUIS OF HAMILTON AS PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER AT LONDONDERRY

OF the remaining illustrations we may mention that the view from Heidelberg is looking south towards Standerton, Newcastle, Pieter-Maritzburg, &c. Beyond is the first Dutch farm on the road. The trees have been all hand-planted, and consist of gum trees, willows, peach-trees, apple-trees, &c. The "Telegraph Messenger" is a sketch of a Bushman boy, who was in the telegraph service at Heidelberg. The "Basuto Scout" depicted was one of our allies during the Zulu campaign, and who are now waging war against the Colonial forces. They were armed with Martini-Henry rifles slung to the saddle in a leather case, and rode ponies from their own country, which ponies, by the way, were their own property.

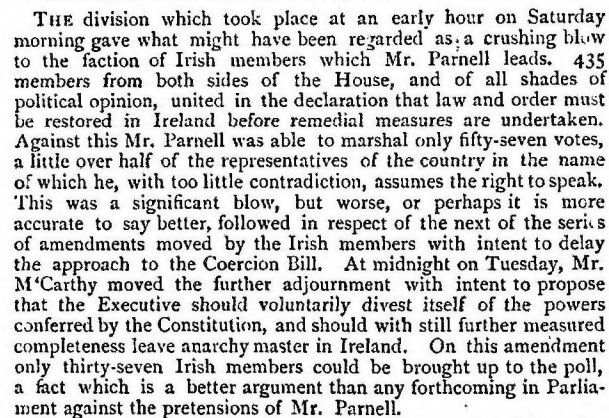
A NEW STORY by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 85.

See page 87.

A NEW system of fly-fishing is represented in the first and third engravings. It was tried for the first time on the Surendal River and on an adjoining lake. A kite, three feet six inches high, is allowed to rise until it flies steadily. One or more fishing lines are then attached to the kite line, their lengths being so adjusted as to allow the tail flies to sink slightly, and the bob flies to bob on the surface of the water. With a little practice a single fly can be dropped at any point in a pool, and be bobbed about on the surface without any of the line being immersed, and this at a distance of over 200 feet. The constant pressure exercised by the kite will securely hold a fish if once fairly hooked, and the fish can be played without difficulty. This kite-arrangement is particularly adapted for fishing lakes where no boat is available; if the water is very clear, there is a great advantage in being able to fish without any of the line being immersed.

The second sketch shows how rivers are crossed in Norway when no large boat is to be had. The pony is taken out, and the carriage placed in a small flat-bottomed boat, which is rowed to the opposite bank, the pony swimming cheerfully astern.

The fourth sketch represents a midnight picnic in a fisherman's shed, where the travellers halted for an hour or two. They lighted a fire and prepared their supper, which consisted of fish they had caught in the fiord, and black bread, washed down with good Norwegian ale. The mountains overhanging the fiord were very grand, and the beauty of the scene was enhanced by an unusually fine Aurora Borealis.



The debate around these various amendments has been of a monotonous and uninteresting character. There was a time within recent memory when the interposition of the Speaker in a debate was so rare an event as to create a profound sensation, and to receive marked prominence in the newspaper reports the following morning. A hush fell upon the assembly, and all ears were strained to catch the oracular words with which the Speaker addressed the House. Now it has come to pass that one of the most frequent participators in debate is the Speaker himself. He is often on his feet twice or thrice in a single speech, which seems to prove that a rule passed last year for Parliamentary discipline has already become a dead letter. It was then ordered that when a member had been twice warned by the Speaker he was to be considered disorderly, and direful consequences were to follow. The first and last victim of this wholesome rule was the late Mr. Whalley, who in his very anxiety to preserve order fell into the pit himself, and was dragged out amid the uproarious laughter of the House. It has now, however, become rather the rule than the exception to flout order and discipline in the House, and the Speaker is content with temporarily stemming the tide.

On Monday night it seemed at least on two occasions that the House was nearing a crisis in this matter. Mr. Dillon, stirred to profoundest depths by the speech in which the Premier had just ground to powder all pretensions to reasonableness in the conduct of the Parnellites, came dangerously near a conflict with the Chair. Mr. Dillon meant, at least he claimed, that he was merely stating what was a notorious fact, when he said that the Land League was all powerful in Ireland. But whilst English people had grown accustomed to the existence of the fact it may not be bluntly stated without a shock in the House of Commons, and accordingly Mr. Dillon was indignantly challenged by Sir Henry Taylor for the use of traitorous and seditious language. The Speaker, pending steps that will surely be taken in a few days by the Government, is anxious not to bear on his own shoulders the burden of a conflict with disorder. He now adroitly evaded the difficulty by taking refuge in a circumstance that Sir Henry Taylor had not moved to have the words complained of taken down. If Sir Henry Taylor had been asked why, he might probably have answered in the famous phrase of Mr. Disraeli, when Leader of the House. The right hon. gentleman had omitted to make mention of some fact

having an important bearing on the statement he was submitting. "I am asked why I did not mention this particular circumstance," said the then Premier in his high-comedy tones; "I did not do so because it did not occur to me." Similarly it "did not occur to" Sir Henry Taylor to have Mr. Dillon's words taken down, and so this storm blew over. In a few minutes, however, Mr. Newdegate was on his feet, and in tones of most solemn obfuscation was protesting against a fresh breach of order on the part of Mr. Dillon. This also was passed over. But the Speaker had delivered in more impressive tones than ever a third warning before Mr. Dillon resumed his seat.

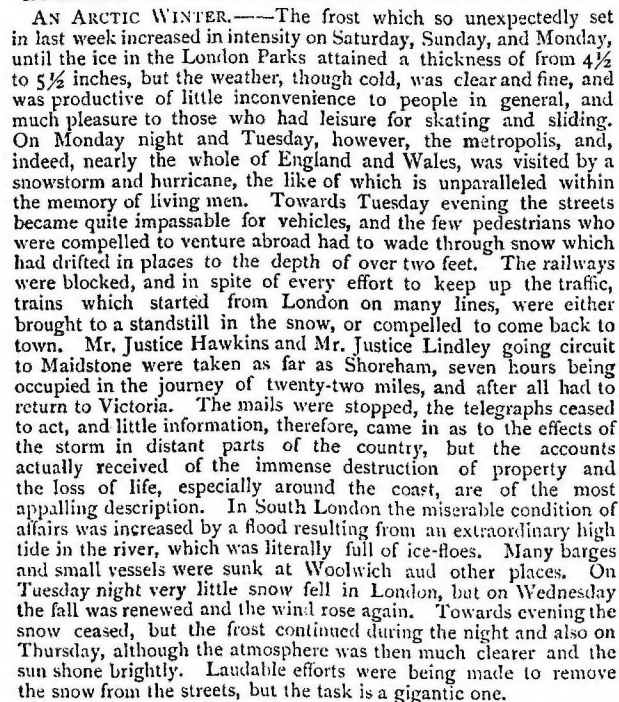
Mr. Parnell some hours later came in even closer proximity to what seemed likely to prove a tremendous collision with authority. Breaking through the self-restraint which had distinguished a speech delivered by him some hours earlier, Mr. Parnell, in angry tones, and with a passion terrible to look upon, denounced the Speaker as the representative of the House, because he said an attempt has been made, after depriving Irishmen of their liberties, to refuse them freedom of speech. This reproach coming on the eighth day of a debate prolonged by Irish members, and almost uncomplainingly borne by an assembly summoned at an exceptionally early period for the discharge of urgent business, sounded something like a cruel joke. But Mr. Parnell was terribly in earnest, and his threatening gestures and passionate words brought up the Speaker, who with manner significantly emphasised, called his "serious attention" to the amendment before the House, and "insisted" upon him confining his remarks to its scope. The question of the moment was whether Mr. Parnell's passion would carry him away, and whether he would proceed to extremities that would hasten the inevitable crisis, or whether he would, as he had done on former occasions, master the passion that was consuming him, and make his usual mock deferential obedience to the Chair. The doubt was solved when Mr. Parnell rose on the Speaker resuming his Chair. He had, with a mighty gulp, swallowed his wrath, and just escaped losing the game he has so long and successfully played. For the present at least it appears sufficient in the House that when a member has not once or thrice, but systematically and coarsely outraged the Orders of the House and the authority of the Speaker, his temporary abstention suffices to condone past offence. Mr. Parnell lapsing into a quieter manner, the affair blew over, and he was at liberty to begin again on the following day; which, to do him justice, he did.

him justice, he did.

The immediate occasion of all this fire was the trenchant speech delivered by the Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone had been suffering from a cold, and the House had not seen him since the previous Tuesday. He had come down now, though Mr. M'Carthy could well have spared him to his household for another night. With loyalty to the party he has espoused that at least does him credit, Mr. M'Carthy has undertaken to lead this forlorn hope, and after the crushing defeat experienced by Mr. Parnell in the better ordered attack that had opened on the Address, he now proposed an amendment, the hopeless character of which will be best indicated by a statement of the fact that on the next night he begged permission from the House to withdraw it. Mr. Gladstone, who dearly loves to be let loose upon a sophism, fell upon Mr. M'Carthy's unfortunate amendment, and tore it to shreds, pelting the Parnellites with pellets made from the fragments. This was bad enough if its significance had not extended beyond the particular amendment, or had not presaged more than the discomfiture in the division lobbies awaiting the Parnellites. But the Premier's speech, spoken at this time, and in this manner, had a significance that went far beyond the circumstances of the night. No one listening to Mr. Gladstone could doubt that the Cabinet had finally and definitely made up their mind to deal with the Obstructionists in some way that shall prove effectual. It was this conviction that roused the enthusiasm in all parts of the House, the hot influx of Mr. Dillon's passion, and for the moment disturbed the equanimity of Mr. Parnell.

At one time the effect of this speech was so great that Mr. Parnell had resolved that further fight was useless. Early in the previous week it had been arranged with great confidence that the debate on the subsequent amendment to the Address should be prolonged over this week. Even on Monday morning, after the failure of hope from the Radical section experienced on studying the division list, the Irish members were good for another week's fighting. But after Mr. Gladstone's speech and all it meant, something like despair crept through the not too sensitive ranks of the Parnellites. They reeled under the shock, and at eight o'clock were ready to let the division be taken. But after dinner additional courage was inspired, and they dared a prolongation of the combat with the increasingly disastrous results noted.

on Wednesday afternoon the immeasurable debate was continued on an amendment by Mr. Dawson calling upon the Government to introduce an Irish Borough Franchise Bill. The proceedings were wholly unimportant except as they brought the House a few hours nearer to the inevitable crisis. The Irish members themselves talked out the debate.



POLITICAL ITEMS.—At several Liberal and Radical meetings held during the week, in London and other places, resolutions have

been passed expressing reliance upon Mr. Gladstone and the Government, with regret at the treatment of Ireland. Mr. Shaw and Mr. P. J. Smith have abandoned Mr. Parnell, and further secessions from the Home Rule Party are said to be imminent. Messrs. Blennerhassett, Mitchell Henry, Errington, Brooks, Sir P. O'Brien, and Col. Colthurst, decline to act longer with the Parnellites on the Land Question, and the probability is that the party will split up into two sections, headed respectively by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Shaw. Major Nolan has resigned the office of Whip, "for purely personal reasons." The Parnell party are, it is whispered, undecided whether to persist in obstruction to the bitter end, suffering imprisonment if need be; or to resist the Coercion Bill up to a certain point, and then retire in a body from Parliament, announcing to the Irish people the impossibility of getting justice in an English House of Commons.—A new political organisation has been started in London, under the title of the Radical Union. The moving spirits are Mr. James Beal and Mr. W. R. Cremer, and one of its objects is to obtain support for Mr. Labouchere's motion respecting the hereditary principle in the House of Lords.—On Wednesday the Greenwich Conservative Association celebrated their triumph at the last general election by a banquet at the Ship Hotel. The chief speaker was Lord John Manners, who, referring to the Irish question, said that in the face of the common enemy of our common empire the Conservative party and the members of the late Government would forget for the time the insults and injuries which they had received at the hands of the members of the present Ministry, and do all they could to strengthen its hands in resisting those attempts against which Lord Beaconsfield had warned the country in the spring of last year.—The return of Mr. Powell, the Conservative candidate for Wigan, is attributed to the fact that his opponent, Mr. Lancaster, had pledged himself to vote against coercion in Ireland.

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—Sir Evelyn Wood left London on Thursday last week for Plymouth *en route* for the Transvaal, where he is to be second in command under Sir Pomeroy Colley. A Bearer Company of the Army Hospital Corps, consisting of 136 non-commissioned officers and men and ten officers, under the command of Surgeon-Major William Johnson, is to be sent out immediately for service in South Africa.—A “South African Colonial Relief Fund,” for the relief of the widows and families of Europeans and natives killed or disabled in the suppression of the disturbances in South Africa, is about to be started under the auspices of Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Chelmsford, Sir Bartle Frere, and a number of other distinguished gentlemen. Subscriptions may be sent to 24, Pall Mall, S.W.—An Association has just been formed, under the title of the Transvaal Independence Committee, whose object is to promote, by all legitimate means, the re-establishment of the independence of the Transvaal, and it has appointed an Executive Committee to disseminate accurate information on the subject.—On Tuesday, at a public meeting held at the Lambeth Baths, the Rev. G. M. Murphy presiding, a resolution was passed protesting against the annexation of the Transvaal and the disarmament of the Basutos and the Fingoes, and calling on the Government to retrace their false steps, so that the fame of England might not be tarnished by wicked persistence in cruelty, wrong, and oppression. Captain Verney, R.N., in seconding the motion, said that if the Premier would put aside unworthy pride and ambition, and dare to be just, he would carry with him the real sympathy and enthusiastic support of the people of England.—The Committee of the Peace Society of the Netherlands have sent to Mr. Gladstone, through Mr. H. Richard, an address reminding him that the Dutch have a national feeling as strong as that of the English; and expressing a hope that, should it be deemed necessary to avenge the blood of the English soldiers killed in the attack of the Boers, the British Government will not fail after the first success obtained by the English arms to come forward as mediator, and not impose upon the Boers a restraint repugnant to their national character. The Premier has replied through the same channel, expressing his cordial respect and appreciation of the spirit of the address. “The matter,” he says, “which is one of some anxiety, will have the careful attention of the Government, and I cherish the hope that both the society and you yourself may not find cause to be dissatisfied with the temper in which we shall endeavour to approach it.”

THE EXPLOSION AT SALFORD BARRACKS.—On Friday last, during a thick fog, a violent explosion took place in a meat-store adjoining the armoury of the Salford Infantry Barracks, where some 5,000 rifles belonging to the Manchester Volunteers were stored. The shed was destroyed, and the *débris* scattered about for several hundred yards, and three persons who were passing were severely injured, one of them having since died. It is supposed to have been caused by dynamite, and a Fenian plot is suspected; but as yet no arrests have been made, although the police are said to have a clue. The Irish party in Manchester and Salford are indignant at the imputation, and they repudiate all connection with such tactics. On Monday, in the House of Commons, replying to Sir W. Barttelot, the Home Secretary declined to give "information of an imperfect character" on such subjects.

AT GLENCORSE BARRACKS, EDINBURGH, on Monday, a large wooden building, occupied by nearly fifty soldiers and their families, was completely destroyed by fire, the flames spreading so rapidly that the people lost all their furniture and much of their clothing. It was at first thought to be the work of an incendiary; but investigation proved it to be the result of accident.

THE COLLIERS' STRIKE in Lancashire has been increasing in dimensions day by day, and the riotous behaviour of some of the men has necessitated the employment of the military to guard the pits, and will have the effect of greatly checking the public sympathy which was felt for them at first in their resistance to the masters' desire that they should contract themselves out of the Employers' Liability Act. There is, however, now some prospect of the dispute coming to a speedy end, as the colliery proprietors are giving way. It is to be hoped this will be realised, for at present the mills and ironworks are at a standstill for want of coal and the whole industry of the county is paralysed; thousands of working people being thrown out of employment at a time when the extraordinary rigour of the weather makes inaction and lack of wages tenfold more disastrous than it otherwise would be.

FATAL ACCIDENTS.—Several persons have been killed in different parts of the country through the bursting of kitchen boilers, caused by the intense frost. A large number of destructive fires, some of them also attended by fatal results, have also been reported. One of these, which occurred on the banks of the Thames, was caused by the high tide, the water flooding a wharf and slacking some lime which was stored there.—On Tuesday evening a terrible boiler explosion occurred at a woollen factory near Heckmondwike. Eleven persons were killed on the spot and sixteen others more or less seriously injured.

THE SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE FRANÇAISE, established with the view of bringing together Frenchmen resident in London for social, commercial, and artistic purposes, held its inaugural banquet on Saturday at the Freemasons' Tavern, M. Étienne Ralli, the President, in the chair, and the Lord Mayor being one of the guests. M. Challemeil Lacour was unable to attend through illness; but Count d'Annav was present, and made the chief speech of the evening.

THE FIRST SOD of the Hull and Barnsley Junction Railway was cut on Saturday last by Colonel Smith, the promoter of the line. The town was *en fête*. A procession of 25,000 persons marched

through the streets, and in the evening there was a grand banquet at the Artillery Barracks, and illuminations in honour of the event. The new line will be fifty-six miles long, and will open up a coalfield hitherto unworked. The scheme includes the construction of a new dock with an area of fifty-six acres.

THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS held a meeting in London on Saturday, and on Sunday a conference at Liverpool, which was attended by delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom. Resolutions setting forth the grievances of which they complain were adopted, and it was resolved to memorialise the Postmaster-General on the subject.



MR. BOOTH'S Othello has occasioned the English admirers of this distinguished actor some unusual disappointment; and the fact is the more unfortunate since there is no question that his first Shakespearian performance—his Hamlet—was the least satisfactory of his recent impersonations at the NEW PRINCESS'S. It is hardly worth while to examine in detail a performance which lacks some of the first requisites of an adequate representation of the character of the Moor. There can be little interest in knowing whether Mr. Booth adopts the view that Othello was an African savage "slightly veneered with Venetian" civilisation, after the conception of Talma; or whether, like Kean, he regards him as a kind of wild beast—half tiger half man; while there are defects, whether in his art or his natural gifts, which prevent his Moor from gaining at any time the full sympathy of the audience. One or two points, however, may be worthy of notice. Mr. Booth does not often overlook the plain indications of the text, and accordingly he does not fall into the error which Salvini adopted from the French actors—namely that of throwing down and trampling upon Iago in his jealous frenzy, an action which, as the elder Dumas has justly observed, would have been so certain to inspire a thirst for revenge in the soldierly Iago that even the Moor's trustful spirit could not have failed to be aroused to a suspicion fatal to the very foundations of the play. Mr. Booth draws his scimitar only, and indulges in an abortive effort to strike Iago with his weapon, an act certainly less likely to be remembered with rancour. In the final scene he adopts a sort of modified version of Macready's "business," and instead of tottering to the bed, and falling dead with his hand upon the mouth of his victim, he makes a last effort to approach her, but falls backward as he is mounting the little step leading to the alcove. The great defect of the performance is its lack of true tenderness. There is dignity at least in his first meeting with Brabantio, and again in his address to the Senate; there is passionate effusion in his tones and demeanour towards his bride; but when the tempest comes his curious moans and groans excite little pity; and the unfathomable pathos of his unavailing sorrow and remorse after the discovery of his fatal error are very inadequately suggested. Of Mr. Booth's Iago, which part he sustains on alternate nights—Mr. Henry Forrester in like manner alternating with him the same parts—we shall have occasion to speak next week, as our train got stuck in a snowdrift on Tuesday evening, and we therefore failed to reach the theatre. The performance in general presents little that is worthy of remark. Miss Maud Milton is a refined and gentle, but rather weak, Desdemona. Mr. John Ryder plays both with dignity and feeling the part of Brabantio. Mr. Forrester's Iago exaggerates the saturnine qualities of the character to the corresponding neglect of its gay and airy moods of wicked exultation. The arrangement of scenes is more nearly in conformity with the received text than that of most other acting versions; but there have been curtailments which are certainly injudicious, since the audience miss more than one incident with which playgoers are familiar.

The question "Who was the composer of 'The Ghost Melody' in *The Corsican Brothers*" seems at last to be set at rest, Mr. Adolph Schloper and other musical authorities having written to the writer of the Monday column on the theatres in the *Daily News* to point out that it is identical with that of Rossini's "Reverie in G for the pianoforte"—a piece which was very popular in the salons of Paris long before the production of *Les Frères Corses*.

THE NEW SADLER'S WELLS Theatre reopened on Wednesday for the first time since the lamented death of the late Mrs. Bateman. Mr. Toole will appear here for a few nights in the farce of *The Spitalfield Weaver*, which is played by way of introductory piece, *The School for Scandal* still occupying the chief place in the programme.

The OLYMPIC Theatre reopened on Saturday with *Lola; or, the Belle of Baccarat*, a comic opera, in two acts, by Mr. Frank Marshall and Signor Antonio Orsini. There is little in the libretto to distinguish it from other works of this class, unless it be its exceptional dullness. The plot, however, affords opportunities which the author has carefully refrained from using. Alexis, the impetuous Prince of Baccarat, in order to prevent the impending bankruptcy of himself and people, turns part of his palace into a gambling saloon, thus attracting a crowd of English visitors, and amongst them one Vere de Vere, proprietor of a "journal of high society" called *Virtue*. There also arrives Lola de Florez, a sweet innocent from the far, far West, intended for a professional beauty by her aunt, whom she has temporarily lost by an accident on their way to England. Both the Prince and the proprietor of *Virtue* at once fall in love with Lola. But their affection is not of a disinterested kind—they have one eye for the lady and another for the English gold. This they conspire to obtain by using the unconscious Lola as a decoy to attract the visitors to the gaming table. This reprehensible plan works very well, and the two gleefully divide the spoil, until the sudden appearance on the scene of Edgardo de Toros, a Mexican hero, who claims the lovely Lola as his affianced bride—though she in her unsophisticated innocence previously describes him as "her brother." To cut a long story short, Edgardo is banished, and the Prince is to be married to Lola, when a plot, arranged by De Vere, to carry off the lady in a balloon, is frustrated by the premature publication of a number of *Virtue* containing some uncomplimentary paragraphs, and a libellous caricature of the Prince, who, naturally incensed, orders his arrest. Edgardo unexpectedly returns, bribes the Prince's Chamberlain, Chief of Police, and the whole army, and, scattering gold right and left, heads a successful rebellion, dethrones the Prince, and wins his bride, while the enthusiastic populace hail him as their ruler. It will be seen, then, that the story in itself is not so bad, but the verse is weak, the dialogue pointless, and the satire—for which there is abundant scope—is of the poorest description. The music, however, is tuneful, and often pretty, but its melodiousness not unfrequently provokes a recollection of familiar strains. The airs allotted to Lola and Edgardo are the most attractive, though perhaps the best number in the work is the quintette, skilfully and gracefully introduced by a passage for the violins, and which leads up to a novel and very pleasing *fandango*. Much of the opera's success, however, must be attributed to the performance of Miss Elinor Loveday as Lola. This lady, it will be remembered, was one of the most successful of the many representatives of Josephine in *H.M.S. Pinafore*. She sings with taste and feeling, and acts with remarkable delicacy and grace—qualities particularly

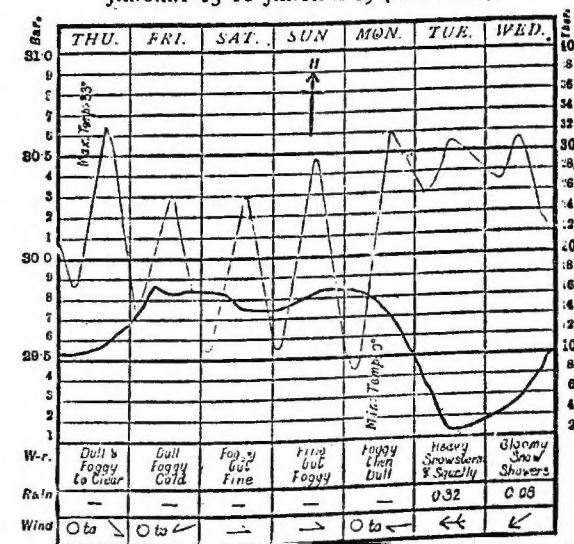
valuable in such a part as Lola. Mr. H. Walsham is excellent as the hero, while Mr. E. Rosenthal uses his skill and experience to much advantage as the impetuous Prince. The dresses, by M. and Madame Alias, and Messrs. Swan and Edgar, are tasteful and artistic; and a word of praise must be said for the band. The opera is preceded by Charles Mathews' comedy, *The Dowager*, in which Miss Caroline Hill appears with success as the Countess.

THE WEATHER AND THE POOR.—The exceptionally mild weather which prevailed up to the middle of last week has been succeeded by a period of phenomenal severity which ought to lend double force to the joint appeal made by the Secretaries of the Charity Organisation Society, the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association, and the Society for the Relief of Distress which appeared in the daily papers on Monday. They state that considerably less funds than usual at this time of the year have hitherto been received, and though they express their willingness if sufficiently supported, to accept the responsibility of meeting the increasing distress caused by the advent of severer weather, they can hardly be supposed to have contemplated the truly appalling visitation of Tuesday last. Frost, snow, and wind combined to do their worst, putting a stop to traffic and business, and even if there be no continuance or recurrence of these unwelcome visitors, it must be days if not weeks before the discomfort and misery resulting from them can be got rid of, whilst the districts south of the Thames, densely populated by people of the very poorest class, have in addition to these evils suffered to an incalculable extent from the floods caused by the high tide in the river. The entire country is included in the general calamity, and the amount of misery experienced by the poor from cold and hunger is fearful to contemplate. It is not only that numbers of poor wretches have actually been frozen to death while braving the inclemency of the weather in the fulfilment of their daily avocations, but that many thousands must have been temporarily thrown out of work, and that those who have been fortunate enough to retain their employment must have suffered severely in health by exposure to the pitiless elements while on their way to and from the factories or workshops. The trial has been severe enough even for the comparatively well-to-do, possessed of warm clothing and good boots, and in the enjoyment of average health; but for the aged, the weakly, the insufficiently clad, the poorly fed, and the badly housed it must have been a hundred-fold more bitter. We feel sure that it needs only a timely reminder of these facts to prompt the wealthy to do all that can be done under the sad circumstances to alleviate the sufferings of their less fortunate fellow men and women. This is no time for moralising or arguing about the thriftless habits of the working classes; the people are in want and misery, resulting from no fault of their own, but brought about by a sudden event entirely beyond ordinary human foresight, and it would be positively unchristian and inhuman not to exert ourselves to the very utmost to rescue them. Money is urgently wanted, and must be had at once, and it would be well if those who have the means would give not only money but time and attention also, personally seeking out the needy and destitute, and relieving their wants promptly and efficiently. Much good might be effected by the immediate personal distribution of food, fuel, blankets, and cast-off clothing amongst those in want in each almoner's own neighbourhood. The distress is so widespread that there would be no difficulty in finding deserving recipients; and more might be done by setting the able-bodied unemployed to assist in clearing away the snow from our roofs, areas, and doorsteps, so that the inevitable evils of a sudden thaw may be in some degree averted, at the same time that much needful help is afforded to poor men without imperilling their self-reliance and self-respect.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,604 deaths were registered against 1,510 during the previous seven days, an increase of 94, but being 161 below the average, and at the rate of 22.6 per 1,000. The 1,604 deaths included 27 from small-pox (a decrease of 6), 54 from measles (a decrease of 17), 50 from scarlet fever (an increase of 9), 12 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 25 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 8), 10 from enteric and 6 from continued fever, and 25 from diarrhoea (an increase of 8). There were 476 small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals up to last Saturday. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs increased. There were 2,486 births registered against 2,913 the previous week, being 193 below the average. The mean temperature was 28.0 deg., and 10 deg. below the average; the coldest day was Saturday, when the mean was only 19.6, and showed a deficiency of 18.8 deg. The lowest night temperature was 14 deg., last Saturday.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JANUARY 13 TO JANUARY 19 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the earlier part of this week was fine, but very cold and somewhat foggy. On Friday and Saturday (14th and 15th inst.) the maximum temperature registered during the day did not exceed 26°, while the minima were as low as 11° on Saturday and Sunday (15th and 16th inst.) and 9° on Monday (17th inst.). During the latter part of Monday the thermometer began to rise somewhat, while at the same time the barometer fell briskly, and the wind began to blow very freshly from depression towards our changes were caused by the advance of a very deep depression (the centre of the southern coasts, and during the whole of Tuesday (15th inst.) the South of England disturbance lay right over the Channel. The weather in the South of England became more and more unsettled; in London the wind rose to a gale early in the morning, and increased as the day advanced, until at length it blew with exceptional violence, the force in some of the gusts being almost that of a hurricane. Blinding snow fell all day, and drifted into heavy banks, but the amount did not measure very much in the rain gauge. The gale abated about 7 p.m., but the snow still kept on, and continued throughout the greater part of Wednesday (16th inst.). At the close of the period the weather was still rough and wintry, but seemed inclined to improve a little. The barometer was highest (29.87 inches) on Friday (14th inst.) lowest 29.13 inches on Tuesday (15th inst.); range, 0.74 inches. Temperature was highest (33°) on Thursday (13th inst.); lowest (9°) on Monday (17th inst.); range, 24°. Snow fell on two days. Total amount, 0.40 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.32 inches, on Tuesday (15th inst.).



THE LACE MANUFACTURE OF EUROPE occupies 500,000 women.

THE MONKEY-HOUSE at the Antwerp Zoological Gardens has been burnt down, with the loss of its seventy-nine inhabitants.

M. THIERS' STUDY is to be exactly reproduced at the Paris Louvre in order to contain his bequests to the French nation.

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON three seagulls were seen up river above Battersea Bridge, while a flock of about forty were seen opposite the Temple Stairs.

TWO FRESH EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS have been discovered near Sakkarah, to the north of the former site of Memphis. They were built by two kings of the Sixth Dynasty, and the inner walls are covered with several thousand inscriptions.

ICE YACHTING would be a capital diversion for Englishmen should the severe weather continue. This pastime is greatly appreciated in the United States, and one New York Society has a splendid fleet of twenty-two ice yachts on the Hudson.

THE SWEDISH VESSEL, "OSCAR DICKSON," which started last autumn to follow Professor Nordenskjöld's footsteps in the north-east passage, has at length been heard from. M. Siberiakoff, who has so greatly promoted the late Swedish researches, organised the expedition, and was himself on board, and now telegraphs that in consequence of having encountered icebergs, the vessel took refuge on Sept. 24 for the winter in the Bay of Gydansky. All were well.

THE PRESENT YEAR, 1881, has two peculiarities: whether backwards or forwards, or even upside down, it remains the same in value, and this circumstance has not occurred since 1111, and will not recur till 8008. Further, this is a year of "nines," like 1863, the first two and last two figures each making nine, the four units added together being 18—twice nine—the two first, as they stand, being also 18, and the two last 81, or nine times nine.

A PLEA FOR INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS during the snow is urged by a suburban correspondent of *The Times*, who states that the crumbs usually thrown out are only useful to sparrows and finches, while other birds starve for want of more suitable food. He suggests that bones should be hung from trees, so as to be inaccessible to cats and dogs, and mentions that the more fat there is left on the bone the better. This plan would save the lives of hundreds of useful little warblers whose food is almost exclusively confined to the especial foes of the gardener and the farmer.

THE FINE MALE SEA-LION at the Brighton Aquarium has died suddenly from disease of the heart. The female still survives in good health, as well as the male cub, which is now four years old, and is a fine animal, 6 feet long, thus being much larger than his diminutive and somewhat flat-headed mother, to whom at present, *Nature* tells us, he bears most resemblance, as the extraordinary prominence of the frontal bones of the skull characterising his male parent is as yet undeveloped. The father, Jack, was about twelve years old at the time of his death, and measured 8 ft. 5 in. in length, with a maximum girth of 5 ft. 3 in., the greatest circumference of the head being 2 ft. 10 in. high, and the frontal measuring 2 ft. 2 in. The skeleton will be preserved in the Aquarium, and zoologists will be able to determine the exact species of the creature by means of the skull. Besides the young sea-lion, a dead female cub was born of this pair in 1878.

THE SUCCESSFUL RISE of a distinctive school of American Art is very gratifying to Transatlantic pride, and *The American* notes that this year Christmas publications have been more exclusively national, and have shown a striking advance in taste as well as in luxury. This alteration "is the more gratifying as these evidences of the nation's social sentiments indicate a degree of refinement and chaste delicacy different from English massiveness, French polish or German innocence. There is a decided American taste, and an American school of artisans and artists tries faithfully to meet its wants; it succeeds, and promises an interesting future." On the other hand native production has not been highly appreciated at the recent exhibition of the works of living Americans at Boston—the first of its kind. Hardly any pictures were sold, but this is in a great measure attributed to the supineness of the authorities. No salesman was at hand, no information as to prices could be gained in the gallery or from the catalogues, and the female attendants in charge seemed much more interested in the progress of their own needlework than in directing would-be purchasers.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S NOVEL does not appear to have been wholly appreciated by French critics, to judge by the verdict of M. Scherer in the *Temps*. Thus he says:—"In 'Endymion,' as in 'Lothair,' the writer takes pleasure above all in the brilliancy of worldly life; he rubs elbows with none but Ministers and ambassadors, dukes and duchesses; he dreams only of princely establishments, enchanted castles, magnificent horses, golden vessels, sparkling crystal, and priceless porcelain. At every line you recognise the Jew and the gold rings on his fingers. The talent of Lord Beaconsfield, if I may be allowed the expression, is all shop-front. Do not ask him for deeply-felt descriptions of nature, nor profound analysis of motives, nor even for a dramatic *mise en scène* of passions. Do not seek in his books anything sincere, real, thought out, any striking *aperçu*, or philosophy of any kind. Let it suffice if we find there a certain vivacity of wit, a sort of *brío* and dash, thanks to which the reader arrives at the end of the three volumes. If the metal has not the resonance that we could wish, we must admit that the tinsel is nicely worked and produces a kind of dazzling effect. . . . His last novel leaves the impression of a talent which would be promising in a young man, and which, in a veteran of literature, marks, on the contrary,

CANDAHAR is sadly in need of an Adulteration Act, as the Candaharis seem to consider the British fair game for any amount of cheating. Thus in an amusing lecture, recently delivered at Bombay by an army chaplain, and quoted by the *Times of India*, the lecturer commented on the milk which, though the supply fell off at the end of spring, could always be furnished in plenty to the British troops. He noticed that the milk scarcely coloured the tea, and left a thick deposit, and after some inquiry found that the milkman and baker arranged respectively to supply water and flour, and thus concoct the required "milk." Another time he bought some beef from a native which proved tough and dry, and subsequently it turned out to be part of some camels stolen from the Commissariat. Butter, eggs, and lettuces, however, are good, and so cheap that the British soldiers frequently overeat themselves. The famed Afghan sheep, Mr. Cane stated, fed well, and assimilated their fat in the tail, and, according to native statements, it was on this tail they lived in times of scarcity by drawing from it the substance. The tail is a great Afghan delicacy, and the natives often suffer from eating too much of it. The horse-provender—*boosa*—was very poor, being merely stalks of hay broken up into small pieces, and such quantities were needed that the Commissariat officers called the campaign the "*boosa* campaign." The British barracks built at Candahar in 1841 still remain, but were found so dirty that the floors had to be dug up and remade. The soldiers have made the walls gay with pictures from the London illustrated papers, as well as with Christmas cards; indeed, Mr. Cane stated that Christmas cards would be the most appreciable gifts any one could send to the soldiers.



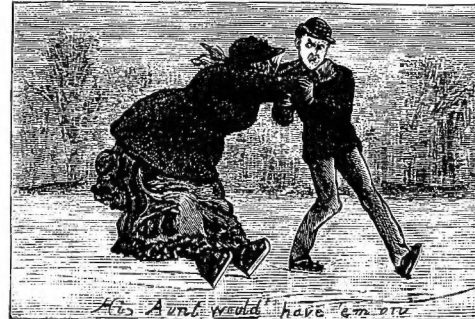
"Have 'em on Sir?"



He's got 'em on



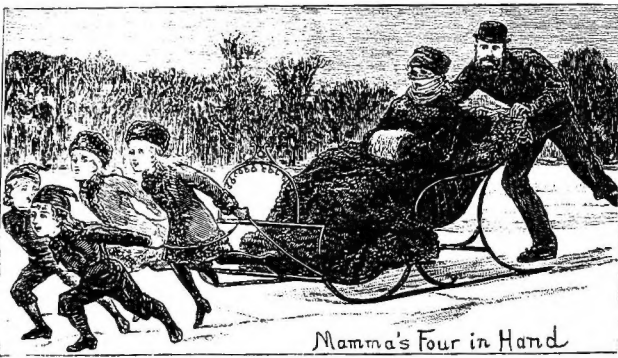
DANGEROUS!



His Aunt would have 'em on



Trans-Atlantic Visitors



Mamma's Four in Hand



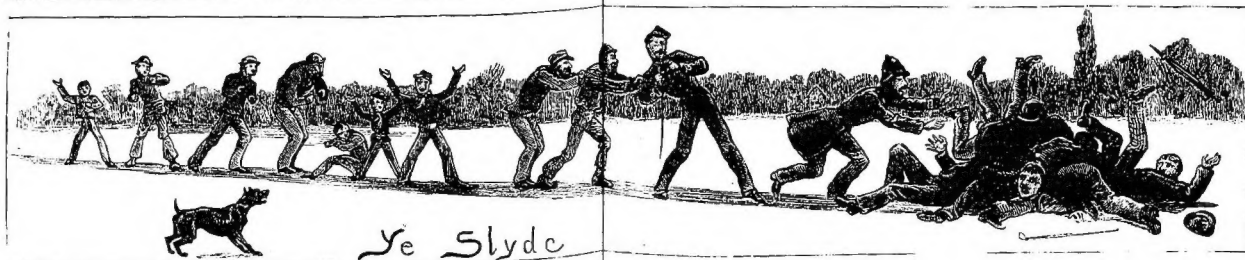
All Hot



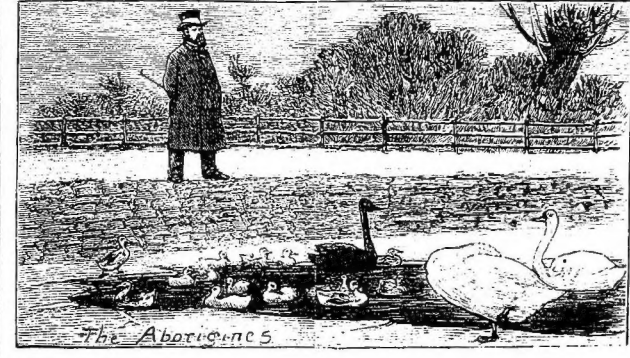
In!



The Curate's Figure Eight



Ye Slyde



The Aborigines



While Mrs J. was on the ice



Out



THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.—The arbitration proposal appears to have been once more declined by the Porte, which has issued a Circular suggesting that negotiations for the settlement of the Turco-Greek dispute should be opened at Constantinople between the Porte and the Ambassadors. No direct mention is made of arbitration as the suggestion had never been formally communicated to the Porte in writing, but Hobart Pasha has been authorised to make a statement as an informal answer. In this it is pointed out, as M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire argued in his circular, that the Treaty of Berlin merely recommended a certain frontier line, but did not insist upon it. In October the Porte sketched out a line of frontier which it was prepared to accept, but which Greece declined to accept, on the plea that the Powers' advice was compulsory. "Turkey, which has since remained perfectly quiet notwithstanding numerous provocations, might well decline to fulfil the wishes of Europe, but out of deference to the Powers, she offers to Greece a magnificent country, and preserves a calm attitude in the presence of the aggressive schemes of Greece. Europe is too just to tolerate such a situation any longer." It is considered that the effect produced by M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire's circular is contrary to that which was intended, as the severe strictures upon the action of Greece have encouraged the Porte in their opposition to the propositions of the Powers. In one way, however, the new proposals of the Porte are thought to be satisfactory, as they evince a willingness at least to discuss further concessions. On the other hand past experience of similar negotiations has shown—as indeed in the case of Dulcigno—that much time and energy has to be wasted to obtain a very small result.

Greece on her side continues to turn a deaf ear to all the charming of the Powers, is completing her military preparations, and, it is stated, has requested the Russian Government to place all Greek subjects in Turkish territory under Russian protection "should necessity arise." The news that Turkey has declined the arbitration proposition has been received with great satisfaction as it is now thought that the Powers will now leave the two disputants to fight the matter out for themselves.

There is little from Constantinople beyond the Greek Question, save that the Porte has succeeded in squeezing another loan out of the Galata bankers, and that the Sultan is manifestly suffering from "persecution mania," as he never goes outside the grounds of Yildiz Kiosk, and as both Ali Nizam Pasha, the Chief of the General Staff, and Hussein Husni Pasha, the late Minister of War, have been arrested.

FRANCE.—The supplementary Municipal elections confirmed the verdict of those of Tuesday week. The Intransigents have been almost wholly worsted, while the successes of the Reactionary candidates have been few and far between. Thus the prospects of the Moderate Republic at the forthcoming autumnal Parliamentary elections could hardly be better. The elections will take place on either the 8th or the 15th of October, and in the mean time the Assembly met for its closing Session on Thursday. There are plenty of burning subjects to be discussed before October is reached; and although it is little likely that the Government will venture upon any new question affecting religion, there is no lack of social matters to be fought out. It is most probable that the Senate will reject the clause in the Magistracy Bill empowering the Government to remove magistrates for a certain period, while there will be a very hard fight over the old question of voting by Department, or by electoral district. Whether or no the Bill will pass is exceedingly doubtful, as even M. Gambetta's supporters are apprehensive—in the event of voting by Department being restored—lest he should strive to obtain an informal *plebiscite*, by putting his name upon a large number of Departmental lists. Our readers are probably aware of the difference between *scrutin de liste* and *scrutin d'arrondissement*; but we may mention that in the former system (as it existed under the Empire) the whole of the voters of a Department have a voice in the election of each Departmental member, while in the latter (the existing system) each member is elected by the voters of a particular district. Whichever method of voting, however, is adopted, there is little doubt that, unless some great and unforeseen event occur, the general election will result in a complete victory for the Republicans.

Paris has been visited with very similar weather to that which has prevailed in London during the past week, and locomotion has been equally difficult and inconvenient, save, indeed, by sledges, which have abounded in the Bois de Boulogne. The chief social news has been respecting the Artistic Committee which, elected by the artists themselves, is henceforward to manage the Salon. M. Bonnat secured the largest number of votes, and was closely followed by M. Henner, and amongst other well-known painters MM. Lefebvre, Breton, Carolus Duran, Harpignies, Bastien Lepage, Bouguereau, De Neuville, Detaille, and Roll. M. Meissonier, curiously enough, was not elected. The Committee once formed lost no time in going to work, and has already decided that the number of works admitted is not to exceed 2,500, and that no artist shall be allowed to exhibit more than two. All artists who have once exhibited are to have a vote in the election of the Hanging Jury, who are to consist of forty members. In theatrical circles there has been very little stirring, the only noteworthy novelty being the celebration of the 259th anniversary of Molière's baptism at Saint Eustache by the production of a little one-act *pièce de circonstance*, *Poquelin, Père et Fils*, by M. Ernest d'Hervilly.—A painful suicide took place on Sunday in a railway train. A wealthy Rouen merchant a few years since married a widow whose husband was supposed to have been killed during the Commune, but he has suddenly reappeared with the amnestied Communists who have returned in the *Navarin*. The shock was too great for the second husband, and he blew out his brains with a revolver.—The death is announced from Cairo of the celebrated Egyptologist August Edouard Mariette, better known as Mariette Bey. He was sixty-one years of age.

RUSSIA.—There has been further severe fighting in Central Asia round Géok Tepe, where General Skobelev has succeeded in establishing a third parallel. On the 11th inst. the Turcomans made a sudden sortie with 30,000 men, and, attacking the Russian trenches, succeeded in capturing the Russian outworks, together with part of the second parallel, taking several guns. They, however, were eventually repulsed by a heavy fire from the first parallel, and all the guns save one recaptured. Another attack was simultaneously made upon the Russian camp by a considerable force of Turcoman cavalry, who were equally repulsed; while the Russians themselves next day attacked the Turcoman outworks, and after a severe struggle captured them. The losses on both sides are stated to have been exceptionally severe, and General Skobelev reports his troops to have behaved most admirably.

Two men and two women were arrested at Kiev on Tuesday, charged with belonging to a secret society. On their house being searched the programme of the extreme terrorist faction of the Nihilists was found, in which incendiarism and murder are recommended. A quantity of revolvers, daggers, and axes, machinery for the manufacture of forged passports, a portion of a secret printing press, and a large number of revolutionary proclamations and pamphlets were also discovered.

GERMANY.—The Anti-Semitic movement is, if anything, increasing in intensity. In Berlin there are continual individual disputes in the *cafés* and *bierhalles*, while meetings of the partisans on both sides are constantly held. At one anti-Jewish gathering Dr. Henrici denounced the Israelites in the most violent manner, and remarking on the tone which the English Press had taken on the subject, said that it would be better if the English would mind their own business, and attend to Irish and not German affairs; as for the Jews, they represented "the lowest scum of the earth, and are not fit to mix with other races"—"their habits are filthy, and their morals on the lowest scale,"—and he concluded by hoping that no German maiden would forget herself and her Fatherland so far as to marry a Jew. On the other hand, at a hospital meeting the Crown Prince, speaking to Baron von Magnus, strongly condemned the agitation. He stated that "he entirely disapproved and condemned the movement, and that he felt especially grieved at such tendencies invading schools and the lecture rooms of the professors of the University. He could not conceive how men standing upon an intellectual eminence could lend themselves to the support of a movement which must be condemned alike for its tendencies and aims." On Tuesday, however, at the Berlin students' meeting in celebration of German Unity, there was a great disturbance when the Rector took the opportunity to exhort the students to abandon their "unworthy antipathy" against the Jews. Professor Mommsen then tried to speak, but the crowd refused to hear him. Numerous challenges were interchanged between Christian and Hebrew students. In Bavaria the Minister of the Interior has instructed the police to endeavour effectively to "arrest the movement in the first instance by means of clear explanation, and when necessary by having recourse to the enforcement of the law."

The Emperor has been confined to his room with a severe cold, but is now better.

The most intense cold prevails in Berlin, and indeed throughout Northern Germany, where river navigation is practically at a standstill. The floating bridges on the Rhine have been removed, and the river is full of ice.

INDIA.—The telegram announcing the decision of the Government eventually to evacuate Candahar appears to have been somewhat vaguely worded, as the Candaharis interpreted it to signify that the British troops were under immediate orders to quit the city. The greatest excitement seems to have prevailed, and the Hindoo traders telegraphed to India to stop all orders for merchandise. Colonel St. John ultimately calmed the public mind by issuing an official statement that no such orders had arrived, and that nothing was settled with regard to the departure of the troops. Apart from this all is quiet at Candahar, the chief difficulty being that of supply, it being exceedingly difficult to obtain grain—so much so, indeed, that the reserve stores have been drawn upon. Gangs of robbers also continually interfere with the convoys of provisions, and troops have been ordered to Maiwand from India in order to assist the Sirdars in keeping order.—From Cabul there is no trustworthy news, but it is said that the Ameer and Mahomed Jan, though ostensibly good friends, really put very little confidence in one another.

The report of a serious conspiracy having been discovered at Kolar, which was energetically contradicted by the private Secretary to the Governor of Bombay, turns out to be perfectly correct. There was undoubtedly a plot to massacre the Europeans, loot the city, seize the Treasury, and depose the Rajah in favour of a spurious ex-Rajah, Chimu Sahib, who really died at Kurrachee in 1867. Twenty-seven prisoners, Brahmins, Mahrattas, Mahomedans, and Mhars are now being tried, including the ringleader, named Ram-bhut. The witnesses have given evidence with regard to the discovery of arms, and the conspirators' meetings. "The plot," the correspondent of *The Times* states, "was wild, and certain of ultimate failure. As it was, however, it was really seriously contemplated."

UNITED STATES.—The asserted fraudulent fishery statistics presented to the Halifax Commission and the New Chinese Treaties are the chief topics of discussion just now. With regard to the former a resolution requesting Great Britain to join the United States in appointing a Commission to investigate the grounds of the Halifax Award has been introduced into the House of Representatives. Of the two new treaties with China, one relates to the labour question, and empowers the United States Government, "whenever in its opinion the influx of Chinese labourers or their residence in the United States affects, or threatens to affect, the interests of that country, or endangers its good order," to regulate the limit or suspend such coming or residence, "but not to prohibit it altogether." Of course this provision only applies to labourers. Other Chinese subjects and their servants may come and go at will. On its side, the United States undertakes to protect the Chinese in their territory from maltreatment. The second treaty relates to commercial matters; the most important provision being a mutual undertaking by the United States and the Chinese Governments not to import opium into one another's territory. In China all controversies between Americans and Chinese are to be settled by the proper officers of the defendant's nationality.

The coloured portion of the community are now being roused to a sense of the disadvantages under which they suffer, and a deputation, headed by Mr. Elliott, a coloured ex-Congressman, have presented an address to General Garfield, the President-elect, setting forth the deprivation of their right to vote, the oppression of the majority by the minority, their unjust treatment by their employers, the denial of justice in the Courts, the lack of educational facilities, and the appointment of unworthy Federal officials in the South, who fail to protect them. General Garfield replied that it would be improper for him as yet to indicate his official policy. One reason why the minority was able to oppress the majority was that one trained man was equal to two or three untrained. It was education and not legislation that would overcome this inequality. Education, continued General Garfield, was the basis of equality, and the final solution of the whole question of the coloured race.

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—There is little actual news from the scene of action. The fort at Pretoria apparently still holds out, though news comes of two sorties having been repulsed. The Boers have also reoccupied Langeneck, capturing two mounted police. The anti-English feeling is said to be growing stronger and stronger, and there is little doubt that our troops will meet with a staunch resistance. A second proclamation from the ruling Triumvirate denies that the Boers fired the first shot, and charges Col. Lanyon with having begun hostilities without notice, and with carrying on the war against the rule of civilised warfare, particularly with barbarity and cruelty at Potchefstroom, bombarding an exposed town without warning. A British resident at Utrecht, also, *The Times* tells us, declares that the reports of the Boer outrages are exaggerated. Many of the Boers act under intimidation, but the sympathy among all the Dutch colonists and the people of the Free State is so strong, that "unless a powerful effort is made speedily to vindicate our supremacy the future will be dark."

The Triumvirate have telegraphed to England to Her Majesty asking for a Royal Commission of Inquiry.

Sir G. P. Colley is still at Newcastle, which is being put in a state of defence, but it is unlikely that any noteworthy military action will be taken before the reinforcements have arrived. Standerton and Wakkerstroom are surrounded by the Boers, but Lydenburg is said to be well provisioned, and likely to hold its own.

THE BASUTO WAR is being conducted with considerable energy. Col. Carrington severely defeated the rebels on the 10th inst., in Kaffraria Umditchwa has surrendered, while matters in Pondoland are equally satisfactory.



THE Queen has now been joined in the Isle of Wight by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, while the Princess Louise has left Osborne for town. Her Majesty has also entertained several visitors, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Earl Granville and Admiral Ryder being the chief guests. On Saturday evening, the ex-Empress Eugénie, with Mdlle. Louise Rouher and the Duc de Bassano, dined with the Queen, and next morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Leopold, the Rev. A. Peile officiating. On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice went out skating.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to Lord and Lady Aveland at Normanton Park on Saturday, and on their way home drove through Stamford, which kept holiday in their honour. They were in an open carriage, notwithstanding the bitter weather, and stopped at the Town Hall to receive a bouquet and addresses from the Town and local Freemasons. After luncheon with the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter at Burghley House, the Prince and Princess returned to Sandringham. On Monday the Prince came up to town, and on Tuesday evening he went to the Criterion Theatre. On Wednesday he was present at the wedding of Mdlle. Marie Perugia and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, to whom he gave as a wedding present a silver ewer and basin.—On Thursday morning the Prince drove on the Thames Embankment in a sledge.—To-day the Prince goes to the Spital Barracks, Windsor, to spend three days with the 1st Life Guards, he being now Colonel of the Household Brigade, and to-morrow he will attend church parade with the regiment at Holy Trinity. The Princess and her daughters remain at Sandringham, where they have enjoyed plenty of skating.—The Prince and Princess deputed Lord Colville to represent them at the funeral of the Hon. F. Stonor, who was husband to one of the Princess's Bedchamber Women, and also sent a wreath of real flowers.—The Princess Louise will return to Canada next May.—The Duke of Connaught will be present at the Lord Mayor's banquet to Sir F. Roberts on February 14.

The Queen of Sweden has come to England to escape the severity of a Northern winter (!) Her Majesty is at Crag's Heath House, Bournemouth, where she will spend some months. The Empress of Austria will arrive in England about February 18th, and some of her hunting stud have already preceded her to Combermere Abbey.—The apartments in the Town Palace at Potsdam, which are to be the Winter home of Prince William of Germany and his bride, are being considerably altered and enlarged at the Emperor's expense. His Majesty having stipulated, however, that the apartments inhabited successively by Frederick II., Frederick William III. and IV., and Queen Louise, shall remain untouched. The furnishing and decorating will be under the Crown Prince's care. Historical quadrilles for one of the wedding balls are being discussed at Berlin, it being proposed to arrange a series to be danced by ladies and gentlemen in the dress of the time of Frederick I., by mousquetaires belonging to the Frederick William period, and hussars of the time of Frederick the Great, escorted by a guard of the Great Frederick's Giant Grenadiers. The civil wedding will take place on Feb. 26—the religious ceremony on the following day. Eighty-five Prussian towns have subscribed 20,000*l.* for a wedding present of ornamental plate.—Prince Rudolph of Austria is now visiting his *fiancée* at Laeken, and on leaving will start on an Eastern tour. He will go crocodile shooting on the Nile, probably using one of the Khédive's yachts, will visit Jerusalem, and return home for Easter. The Prince gave Princess Stéphanie a Christmas gift of a magnificent brilliant and pink pearl diadem, fashioned in knots and arabesques. The pink pearls are most rare, and formerly belonged to ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. The Princess's wedding bouquet, by the way, will be presented by the Ghent florists, and will be composed of the rarest orchids. The bouquet will only be prepared an hour before sending it off, and will be accompanied by a splendid album containing a dedicatory address, a photograph of the bouquet, and a brief history of the divers flowers.—The King and Queen of Italy have returned to Rome from their visit to Sicily.



CANON FARRAR'S DEFENCE OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH was continued on Sunday last in a third sermon at Westminster Abbey, in which he said that the demand for Disestablishment emanated from the extremes of sacerdotalism and unbelief. Sacerdotalism which had established the Inquisition, and sown the cities of Europe with blood and ashes, and Infidelity, which had been the curse, the corruption, and the ruin of every age, now asked Englishmen to declare that England as England had no longer the power or even the wish to discriminate between truth and falsehood, and had no further testimony to offer to God and to Christ. If the Establishment were swept away the nation would be whirled forward into a boundless scepticism by Infidelity, or dragged back by Ecclesiasticism into an unfathomable superstition. A nation that never had a national Church might flourish, though always and inevitably on a lower level of blessedness, with feebleness of Christianity, with wilder aberrations of error than if it had one; but for a nation, which ever since it was a nation had had a religion, openly to proclaim itself a Godless and Christless corporation, and to declare that atheists might blaspheme in the minsters where saints had sung, was to do a deed of ignominy and shame which would sink us inconceivably below our fathers. It was as a citizen and not as a clergyman, and still less as a Christian, that he was anxious and alarmed, for a dire retribution would befall the land which as the last outcome of its civilisation de-consecrated its churches and de-Christianised its laws.

ANOTHER RITUALISTIC TRIUMPH of a purely technical character has been obtained by Messrs. Dale and Enraght, the Judge of the Court of Appeal having decided that the writs were defectively issued through the neglect to bring them into the Court of Queen's Bench in Term time, and in the presence of the Judges. They, however, decided that Lord Penzance had acted strictly within his jurisdiction, and the judgment on the merits of the case therefore went against the recalcitrant clergymen, who have only secured their freedom temporarily through the amazing carelessness of some official in not observing the petty details of procedure which are thus declared to be essential. Mr. Dale has been at liberty on bail since before Christmas, and Mr. Enraght was liberated on Monday after exactly seven weeks' imprisonment. On his return to Bordesley he was received with enthusiasm by his congregation, to whom he made a speech, quoting the words of Lord Chief Justice James that "it was quite as trivial to prosecute clergymen for wearing chasubles as some

people thought it was for a clergyman to get out of gaol by a bad writ." The prosecution had made him more determined than ever to maintain his position, and if necessary he would go to gaol again; though he would remind the Church Association that if further proceedings were contemplated two could play at that game.

RITUAL AND DOCTRINE.—The memorial to the Primate on the subject of Toleration in the Church has been followed by a mass of correspondence, *pro* and *con*, in the columns of *The Times* and the *Guardian*, to which it is hopeless to attempt to do justice by extract or condensation. It is said that the Evangelical clergy are preparing a counter memorial.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ATTACK ON THE BISHOPS was made last week by the Rev. J. E. Gladstone, a cousin of the Premier, in a speech delivered at a large meeting at Wolverhampton. He called upon the members of the Church Association to arouse themselves, and make a determined effort to get rid of Bishops altogether. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself, who was at one time supposed to be a defender of the Protestant faith, had turned round—God have mercy upon him!—to shield the traitors in gaol. The Bishop of Ely had distinctly told them they were to find a place for traitors in the Church. God forbid! They must have their place outside the Church. And their own Bishop, the Bishop of Lichfield, in a New Year's address to his clergy, said his own desire was for a larger toleration in matters of ritual, and a clearer recognition of the jurisdiction of the Church as distinguished from the State. His own examination of history, and his experience as a man, led him to say, "God shield us from Ecclesiastical Courts!" Let lawyers, who understand law, define law, and let ecclesiastics, let the Bishops, leave law alone and stick to the Gospel.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—The publication of some lengthy extracts from the Revised Version of the New Testament in the pages of the *Record* on the 7th inst., was, it appears, an infringement of the rights of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and legal proceedings would have been taken against that journal had not an apology been inserted in a subsequent number.



LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Two new songs were sung by Mr. Santley on Wednesday evening last, viz., "Twilight Dews" and "Heart, Mine Heart," neither of which possessed any special merit; but of the two the latter was the better received. Madame Patey was to have sung "The Merchant of Cheapside," another new song; but was absent owing to the inclemency of the weather.

WAITS.—Herr Anton Rubinstein has undertaken a tour through Spain and Portugal, after which he intends coming to France and England, in advance of his long contemplated visit to North Africa.—Herr Max Bruch, the composer, was married on the 3rd inst. to Mdlle. Clara Tuczak, at Berlin, returning very shortly to Liverpool, to resume his duties as conductor of the Philharmonic Society in that town.—The Grand-Ducal Theatre at Neu-Strelitz has been closed for six weeks on account of the death of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg. The operatic company is disbanded, with little chance, for the present at any rate, of finding employment elsewhere.—The "cyclos" mania is increasing in vehemence. A Mozart-cyclos is in preparation at the Stadtheater in Königsberg, and a Meyerbeer-cyclos is projected at Vienna.—Schubert's opera, *Alfonso und Estrella*, "remodelled" (improved, of course) by Herr Fuchs, is in rehearsal at Carlsruhe. Why cannot our modern busybodies write operas of their own, or (still better) leave the dead masters to their repose? Even Liszt, when (in 1854) he produced *Alfonso und Estrella*, at Weimar, discreetly allowed Schubert to speak for himself.—Our English soprano, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, has been appointed, by Royal decree, singing-professor at the Brussels Musical Conservatory.—Madame Trebelli is making a tour in Belgium.—Madame Pauline Lucca is once more engaged to give several performances at the Royal Opera, Berlin, in the early spring.—Mr. Henry Leslie, having accepted the post of Director at the Philharmonic Society, the traditional list of "Seven" is now complete.—Nice has set up a new musical paper, *La Gazette Musicale di Nizza*.—Madame Albani is giving a series of operatic performances at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, where her success is even more brilliant than that which she achieved last year.—Cherubini's fine opera, *Medea*, has been revived at the Imperial Opera in Vienna, with Madame Materna (Wagner's Brünnhilde) as the Colchian priestess, her delineation of which (as may well be credited) is unanimously extolled.—Herr Joseph Joachim is expected at the beginning of the week, to take his accustomed position as leader of the quartet at the Popular Concerts, which he will retain to the end of the season.



THE TURF.—Very little Turf news can ever be expected at this time of the year, and still less when King Frost reigns supreme; for though the snow on the training grounds renders some good exercise possible, no substantial training work can be got through with either the two-year-olds, or the animals entered for the Spring Handicaps. Referring again for a moment to those events: as regards the numbers of the entries, it may be noted, as a curious coincidence, that the City and Suburban has secured exactly the same number as that of last year, viz., 108. The Lincoln Handicap has 114, as against 84 last year, but it certainly seems strange that, with its 1,000*l.* added money, it only commands so few more than the Epsom race with its meagre 200*l.* The Great Metropolitan shows a falling off from 38 to 35, and thus continues its downward progress. The Chester Cup, which experienced a little revival last year, exhibits again a marked decadence, having only 47 entries, as against 63 last year, which is less than half it secured only as short a time ago as 1876, and even then it was far from being the popular race it once was. The last entry come to hand is that for the Grand National, and lovers of cross country sport must regret to find that the names of only 47 animals appear in the list. This is a falling off of ten from last year, which showed ten less than the year before, and a great decline from 93, even as late as the year 1874. The yearly increasing dearth of steeplechasers in this country is very remarkable, but may be accounted for mainly by the fact that the modern custom of putting flat-racers to the business has completely shut out the old-fashioned cross-country animal, and, at the same time, a sufficient number of flat-racers suited for the work cannot be found.—Another week has passed, and Lord Falmouth's crack filly, Dal Gal, appears to be still confined to the stable, and yet she still remains first favourite for the Two Thousand, and is backed for the Derby.

FOOTBALL.—Frost and snow have not altogether stopped this game; indeed the latter has rendered it playable, as it makes

falling comparatively comfortable, and easy too. Moreover, it gives a new aspect to a football match, and the white spray scattered by the players as it glistens in the sunshine has a pretty effect. With it several inches deep and a cutting wind playing over it on Saturday last at Darwen, nearly 1,000 spectators assembled to witness an Association match between Glasgow and Lancashire. Half the game was played according to English and half according to Scottish rules, and the final result was a hollow victory for the Scotchmen by nine goals to one.—Another important Association game played in the snow has been that between the Blackburn Rovers and Nottingham, which ended in favour of the former by three goals to one.

AQUATICS.—It makes one shudder to think of this sport in this weather, and we pity the poor fellows who have been obliged to practise on the Thames in the bitter cold. Of course the great match between Hanlan and Laycock, which was to have come off on Monday, had to be postponed, the floating ice on the river rendering rowing impossible. There is little or no chance of the race coming off this week, and consequently, according to the well-known rule of boat-racing, all wagers on it will be off. Both men have gone southward to practise and keep themselves in condition on salt water, where they can get a fair stretch, but it is unfortunately probable that the match will not be brought off at all now, as both Hanlan and Laycock are anxious to get back to their respective countries to enjoy their "receptions," and to return to their duties.

COURSING.—It is hardly necessary to say that coursing, both private and public, has altogether come to a standstill; and nominators of Waterloo dogs are in a by no means enviable state of mind. How much would many of them give to be in the position of Mr. Morrison, whose kennel is so near the beautiful Redcar Sands that his dogs can daily take grand exercise on them in defiance of frost and snow!—After the eighth annual sale of Mr. Clementson's saplings at Aldridge's on Saturday last, which by the way realised but very poor prices, Mr. Miller's sensational litters, the produce of Misterton and Coomassie, both Waterloo winners, were put up. There were seven of them, and their birth dates only as far back as May last. It would seem that fancy reserve prices were put on them, as only one was sold, and that to Mr. Hamar Bass for 50 guineas.—The chief feature of the Waterloo market during the week has been the advance of Mr. Hink's nomination to 16 to 1.

SKATING.—Under the auspices of the Grand National Skating Association the Amateur Championship contest was decided on Monday last at Lingay Fen, near Cambridge. The distance was a mile and a half, with three turns. There were sixteen competitors, and the final heat was contested between J. Webber, of Upwell, and F. Norman, of Willingham Fen; the latter of whom retained the Championship which he gained last year, winning by 25 yards. His best time was in his heat against L. Tebbutt, of Nottingham, which he won in 5 min. 4 1/5 sec.—The Professional Championship contest was brought off at Crowland, Lincolnshire, last Saturday, over the same distance, and resulted, as expected, in the victory of George, better known as "Fish," Smart, who for some years past has been the proved as well as acknowledged head of his trade in this particular line.

PEDESTRIANISM.—There is still a talk of the probability of matches being arranged between our champion, Rowell, and Hart, who is supposed to be the best "six days' and nights" man in America; and between the Irish-American O'Leary and Vaughan, of Chester. Contests between these men, if carried out in a *bona fide* manner, would be very interesting.

A DOG STORY

THE STORY OF A BLIGHTED AMBITION

I AM a clown at Christmas time, and the rest of the year I take an engagement wherever I can get one, for Utility, that is to say, I play first villagers, first ruffians, policemen, and servants, and go on in mobs. I ain't much of a hand at the spouting business; I never took to learning much in my younger days, or it didn't take to me, which is much the same thing. I can turn a somersault, work a pantomime trick, and make jokes in a comic scene with anybody, but when they give me a lot of cramped stuff to get into my head, especially if it's Shakespeare—oh, that Bard of Avon, what he has made me suffer!—it does give me a twisting, I can tell you.

In summer time salaries are small, Utills' salaries very small, and sometimes when business is bad, small as they are, we don't get more than half of them. Such was my predicament a few summers ago—and has been since; but that does not concern the story. It was while strolling down the High Street of Loutstown one morning, after a very light breakfast, in company with a fellow victim—I mean a brother pro.—and my dog Caesar that the idea which has since become the bane of my life was first suggested to me.

"How the deuce do you contrive to feed that great animal?" remarked my companion; "why you might as well have a child to keep. Why don't you teach the beggar to act?"

"That's a splendid idea, old man," I cried, grasping his hand. Caesar was of the Newfoundland breed, large and black and wonderfully intelligent—especially at meal times. Visions of being a dog star, of seeing my name in big letters upon the walls, and, above all, of having a few sovereigns in my pocket all the year round, began to fire my imagination. That very day Caesar ceased to eat the bread of idleness.

I will pass over the training period—how I taught him to pull the bell, to jump over the stile, and to take the seize—as not being interesting; it was all done on the quiet, nobody knowing a word about it, till I showed our manager at a private rehearsal what my pupil could do. That he acquitted himself to our perfect satisfaction I won't say; but things were so desperate bad just then, that the manager didn't care much what gag he put out that was likely to draw a house. So a day or two afterwards out came a poster, that the wonderful trained dog Caesar, who had had the honour of appearing before Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales, would make his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Loutstown, on that evening. The play selected for Caesar's *début* was the old melodrama of *The Forest of Bondy*. It is the story of the murder of a young officer by two of his comrades, and the discovery of the crime through the intelligence of his faithful dog.

I never felt half so nervous on the first night of a pantomime as I did on that. The house was decidedly better than it had been lately; the curtain rose to three pounds, and we had been playing to fifteen shillings.

"Wire in, old man," I said, patting Caesar's glossy head, "get your name up, and you shall have as much meat as you can eat." Caesar knew the word "meat," he wagged his tail, thrust out his tongue, and looked up at me as much as to say, "All right, governor, I can do with a lot of that."

When he walked on at the heels of his supposed master, the virtuous young officer Aubrey, there was a little clapping, at which he wagged his tail, and put out his tongue with dog-like courtesy. But his acting did not begin, or was not supposed to begin, till the first scene of the second act. At the end of the first the murder takes place: the two villains, Landry and Macaire—I was Landry—were supposed, while Aubrey is travelling through the forest at night, to decoy away his dog, and then attack him. A desperate fight with short basket-hilted swords takes place, in which Aubrey chops alternately at us both until he is overpowered at last, while the

baying of the dog, who is supposed to be tied to a tree, is heard in the distance.

Before the scene began I got a fellow Util. to hold Caesar by the collar in the dressing-room, and make him bark, with strict injunctions not to let him go on any account. The fight was on, I could hear the deep "Bow, wow, wow," and I could see the audience getting very excited, when all of a sudden, to my horror, I beheld Caesar dash on to the stage. A thrill went through the house, everybody thought something tremendous was coming. But, rejoicing in having escaped from his jailor, he danced about us, barking delightedly, and evidently regarding his master's fight for life as a capital bit of fun got up for his amusement.

"Get off, you beast," I cried, kicking out savagely, in my agony. And the audience began to laugh.

"Oh, you brute, I wish he'd tear a piece out of your leg," cried an excited female in the pit. The kick put down Caesar's exuberance, and he retired to a corner of the stage near the footlights and sheepishly watched the scene. All might have yet been retrieved had not some wretch of a boy in the pit happened just then to crack a nut. Nuts were one of Caesar's weaknesses, and at that sound he pricked up his ears, fixed his eyes upon the boy, and lolled out his tongue with the most wistful expression of face. The imp threw him a nut, and while his master was being slaughtered this unnatural animal sat down calmly, cracked the shell, nibbled the kernel with the greatest gusto, and then wagged his tail for more. Everybody—but me—saw the joke, and roared with laughter; nuts, oranges, apples, and biscuits were showered upon the stage, and everything acceptable to a dog's palate Caesar gobbled up with a voracity that had long been gathering from a run of short commons. Almost crying with vexation, my attention distracted, I struck out wildly, missed the blows, threw the fight into confusion, and the curtain fell amidst laughter and hisses.

Wasn't there a row between the acts! Everybody bullied me, and I bullied and whacked Caesar. Well, upon the rising of the act drop, Caesar's part was to run on, ring the bell of the farmhouse, seize upon the lantern that the farmer brings on, and lead the way to the spot where his master's body is laid. The handle of the bell was covered with red cloth, and a thin layer of meat bound round it, while I stood just behind the door, and softly called him on from the other side. On he trotted, and made for the stile, over which he was to leap on his way to the farm, then he paused irresolutely, and glanced out of the corner of his eye towards the pit! The demon boy, the destroyer of my hopes, chuckled, and threw him another nut. In a moment appetite overcame fidelity, and, forgetful of everything, Caesar yielded to temptation. The farmer had to come on without being summoned to thrust the lantern between the wretched animal's teeth, and kick him off the stage, and act his own part and the dog's too amidst the jeers of the audience.

I pass over my agony and mortification, my horrible craving for some diabolical vengeance upon the demon nut boy, the indignation of manager and company all vented upon my unfortunate head, and the rest of the play until the last scene. Landry and Macaire are suspected of the murder, but as there is not sufficient evidence to convict them, the General resolves to try the instinct of the dog; he is brought on, and no sooner does he see Macaire than he springs at his throat, and brings him to the ground, which settles the question and the murderer's life to everybody's satisfaction. That is the *dénouement* as it ought to be. Between the acts I had thrashed Caesar, I had wept over him, I had lectured him, and by the expression of his countenance he seemed to be thoroughly repentant. We had rehearsed the scene in the dressing room, and he had taken the seize—that is, he had sprung at the red meat smeared pad which Macaire wore at his throat, and, supported by the actor's hands, had held on while the other swung and writhed about shrieking "mussy!"—they always say "mussy" in dog pieces—till we all applauded.

My hopes rose—the last scene might yet redeem all. At the proper cue Caesar was brought on leashed, and barking and ramping in such a manner as made everybody's blood run cold, and when he was loosed I gave him the signal to seize. Breathlessly I waited the result. Caesar made two fierce steps forward, paused, and glanced towards the pit. I turned my eyes in that direction, and there was the demon boy with a gloating look holding up a piece of cake. I could see the memory of past delights stealing over Caesar's face, and his thirst for vengeance melting into drivelling longing, the ears rose, the tongue slowly protruded, the next moment, with a skill for which he was famous, he caught the coveted morsel. He was utterly demoralised, let Murder flourish, Justice miscarry, chaos come again, so that he could indulge his villainous appetite. Again the audience began to roar, in desperation the villain Macaire, anxious for his doom, rushed down to the footlights, lifted the avenger to his throat, held him clasped in his arms, shrieked "Mussy, mussy!" writhed, wriggled, rolled upon the stage, and down came the curtain upon hisses and roars of laughter.

The row at the end of the first act was nothing to the one that broke out now. Everybody set upon me, abused me, and the manager threatened to kick me and my "infernal" dog out of the theatre; and would have done it if he hadn't owed me money. The next day the dressing-room walls were covered with caricatures of the last night's performance. There was the bell the dog did not ring, the stile he did not jump over, the seize he did not take—anger had turned to chaff.

I shall never hear the last of my one effort to enter the starry sphere; wherever I go the story has been told; and I never meet any one who does not inquire whether my wonderful dog has been lately performing before the Royal Family.

He is still with me, his countenance is as expressive, his appetite as unconquerable as ever, but his intelligence is now reserved entirely for the private circle.

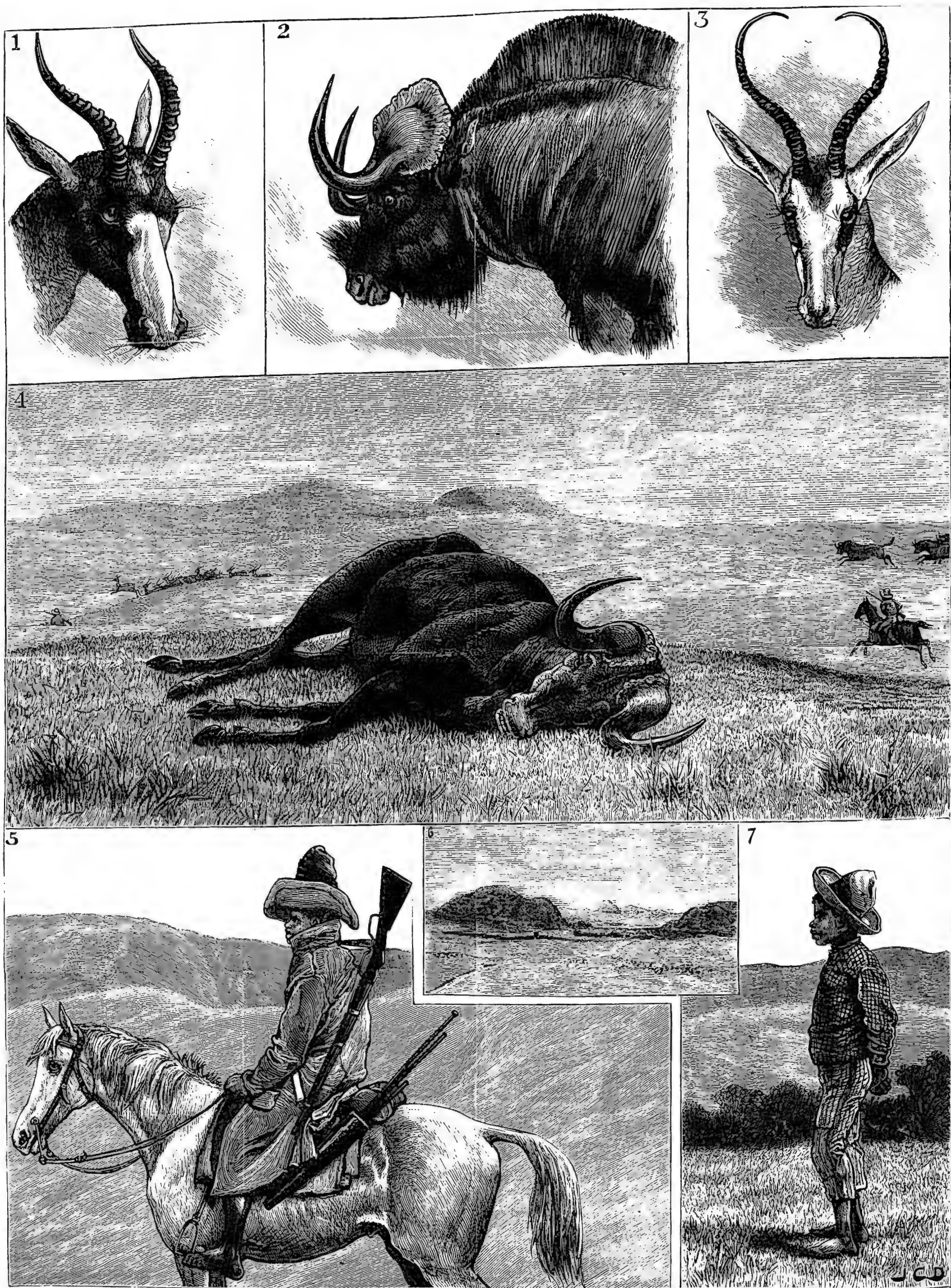
H. BARTON-BAKER



THE WEATHER has been the topic of the week, the extraordinary incidents of which will not soon be forgotten by "besieged residents" of isolated houses. Deaths from exposure have included several human beings as well as thousands of sheep on the moors. The snow-drifts have often been ten feet deep, and in some places lanes have disappeared, the snow topping the hedges, and presenting a flat surface from field to field. The temperature was lowest just before the snow; but the east wind made a higher temperature less bearable than the previous cold and still air. Skating has only been enjoyable out of the wind; and for the poor the period has been one of all but unmitigated suffering. The rivers, including the Thames and Severn, are virtually closed to navigation, while mere streams are generally ice-bound. The severe weather has been very general, Devonshire, Kent, and Cumberland suffering almost equally.

A SCARCITY OF SHEEP is being predicted with considerable confidence, but it is not at present apparent. The prices of store and fat sheep are not advancing, while the wool markets remain in a state of inaction. All classes of buyers in winter time are afraid of getting flukey animals, and there is so large a quantity of more or less doubtful mutton forced into the market that the general value

(Continued on page 94)



1. Bles Bok.—2. A Wildebeest (Gnu).—3. A Spring Bok.—4. Boers Hunting, High Veldt.—5. A Basuto Scout.—6. View from Heidelberg, Looking South.—7. A Telegraph Messenger.

THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

The man's hand was holding mine, and it was dry and hot ; his face was red and his eyes were staring.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE DOCTOR DISMISSED HIS FRIENDS

THOSE of the guests who had not already departed, were sitting or lying asleep upon the floor or on the chairs. The last to succumb had been Lord Chudleigh, not because his was the strongest head, but because he had drunk the least and struggled the hardest not to fall a victim to the punch. Sir Miles had long since sunk peacefully upon the floor, where he lay in oblivion, one of the men having loosened his cravat to prevent the danger of apoplexy. Solomon Stallabras, among whose vices was not included the love of strong drink, was one of the earliest to depart; the young Templar whom the doctor exhorted to virtue early in the evening was now lying curled up like a child in the corner, and his virtuous resolutions, if he had ever formed any, forgotten. Others there were, but all were crapulous, stupid, senseless, or asleep.

The doctor stood over his victims, victorious. He had taken, singly, more punch than any three of them together; yet they all lay helpless, while he was steady of head and speech; it was past two o'clock in the morning; the candles, low now, and nearly spent, burned dim in the thick, tobacco-laden air; the walls were streaming with the heat generated by the presence of so many men and so much drink. Roger, with the red nose and pale cheeks, still stood stolidly at the door, waiting for the half-finished bowl and the last orders; beside him, his fellow-lackey and clerk William.

"Turn all out, Roger," said the doctor.

"Ay, sir," said Roger.

Both men addressed themselves to the task. They were accustomed to turn out their master's guests in this fashion. First, they lifted the fallen form of Sir Miles, and bore him carefully to his lodging; then they carried out the young Templar and the others who lay snoring upon the floor, and deposited them upon the stalls of the market outside, where the fresh air of the night might be expected to restore them speedily.

Meanwhile, Roger and William, for their better protection, would themselves watch over them until such time as they should awake, rise, and be ready to be led home with tottering step and rolling gait, for such reward as the varlets might demand.

The doctor's clerks had a hard life. They began to tout on Ludgate Hill and the Fleet Bridge at eight; they fought for their couples all the morning with other touts; in the evening, they waited on the doctor's guests; at midnight, they bore them into the market; there they watched over them till they could be taken home. A hard and difficult service. But there were few of the men about the Fleet who did not envy a situation so well paid; indeed, one cannot but admire the hardness of men to whom a daily fight, with constant black eyes, broken teeth, and bleeding nose,

appears of such slight importance in the day's work, as not to be taken into account.

There remained Lord Chudleigh, who had fallen asleep in his chair, and was the last.

"As for this young gentleman, Roger," said the doctor, "carry him upstairs and lay him upon my bed; he is of different stuff. Do not wake him, if you can help it."

Nothing but an earthquake or an explosion of gunpowder could have awakened the young man, so senseless and heavy was he. They bore him up the stairs, the doctor following; they took off his boots, his coat, and waistcoat, put on him the doctor's nightcap, and laid him in the bed.

All finished, the doctor bade them drink off the rest of the punch, and begone.

The doctor, left quite alone, opened the windows and doors, and stepped out into the market. At two o'clock on a cold October morning, even that noisy place is quiet; a west wind had driven away the smoke, and the sky was clear, glittering with innumerable stars. The doctor threw open his arms and took a deep breath of the cold air, standing with his wig off, so that the wind might freshen his brain. Before him he saw, but he took no heed, the helpless forms of his guests lying on the stalls; beside them sat, wrapped in heavy coats, his two serving-men, looking like vultures ready to devour their prey, but for fear of their master, who would infallibly cause them to be hanged.

After a few minutes in the open air, the doctor returned to his room; he was sober, although he had taken enough punch to make ten men drunk; and steady of hand, although he had smoked so much tobacco; but the veins on his face stood out like purple cords, his eyes were bloodshot, his great lips were trembling.

He did not go to bed, but lit a fresh pair of candles, and sat in his chair thinking.

His thoughts carried him back to some time of trouble, for he presently reached out his hand, seized his tobacco-pipe, and crushed it in fragments; then he took the glass from which he had been drinking, and crushed that, too, in his great strong fingers.

"I knew not," he murmured, "that the villain was dead. If I had known that he was ill, I should have gone to see him, if only to remind him, with a curse, of the past. He is dead; I can never curse him face to face, as I hoped to do. I did not think that he would die before me; he seemed stronger, and he was younger. I looked to seek him out at any time, when I wanted a holiday, or when I wanted a diversion. I thought I would take him in his own house, and show him, in such words as only I can command, how mean a creature he was, and what a treacherous cur. Now he is dead. He actually never will be punished at all."

This reflection caused him the greatest sadness. He shook his head as he thought it over.

"It is not," he said to himself, "that I wished to be revenged on him (though doubtless, as men are but frail, that desire entered somewhat into my hopes), so much as that I saw in him a man who, above most men, deserved to be punished. I break the law daily, incurring thereby the penalty of a hundred pounds, which I never pay, for each offence. Yet truly am I less burdened in my conscience than should have been this Lord Chudleigh. And he hath died in honour. In this world one man steals a pig, and receives the approbation of his kind; another looks over a wall, and is clapped in gaol for it; one man slaughters a thousand and is made a duke; another kills one, and is hanged. I am in prison, who never did anything against the law until I came here, nor harmed any except my creditors. My lord, who thought the Ten Commandments made for creatures of baser blood, and the round world, with all that therein is, only created for his own insatiable appetite, lives in honour and dies—what can I tell?—perhaps in grace; fortified, at least, with the consolations of the Church and the benedictions of his chaplain. So all things seem matter of chance. As Solomon Stallabras says, in one of his fables:

We little flies who buzz and die,
Should never ask the reason why.

He yawned; then, struck with a sudden thought, he took one of the candles and softly mounted the stairs. Shading the light with his hand, he looked upon the face of the young man sleeping on his bed. A handsome young man, with regular features strongly marked, delicate lips, and pointed chin.

"Truly," said the doctor, "a youth of great beauty. Another David. He is more handsome than his father, even in those young days when he caressed me to my ruin, and led me on with promises to my undoing. Yet he hath the trick of the Chudleigh lip, and he hath his father's nose. Would that it was he and not his son lying here at my mercy. The son is something; out of regard to his father's memory, he shall not get off scot-free. But what is to be done? There is nothing, I think, that I would not do"—his red face grew purple as he thought of his wrongs—"were his father living, and I could make him feel through his son. Nothing, I believe. As I am a Christian man, if my lord were alive this day, I think I could tie a stone round the boy's neck and chuck him into the Fleet Ditch at Holborn Bridge. And yet what a poor and miserable thing to do! A moment of brutal satisfaction in thinking of the father's agony—an eternity of remorse. But his father is dead; he cannot feel at all any more, whatever I do. If I could"—his face grew dark again, and he ground his teeth—"I believe I could drag the boy downwards, little by little, and destroy his very soul, to make his father suffer the more."

He gasped and caught his breath.

"Why," he murmured, "what is this? It is well for men that

they are not led into temptation. This young lord hath fallen into my hands. Good. What shall I do with him? He knows nothing. Yet he must suffer something. It is the law. We are all under the law. For the third and fourth generation—and he is only the first generation. His children and his grandchildren will have to suffer after him. It is not my fault. I am clearly carrying out the law. He is providentially led here, not that I may take revenge upon the son of my enemy for his father's wrong, but that he might receive chastisement at my hands, being those of the fittest person, even as Solomon was chosen to slay both Joab and Shimei. What then shall I do? The Reverend Gregory Shovel cannot murder the boy; that would be the common, vulgar thought of a Fleet Market butcher or a hodman. Murder? A nauseous thought."

He took up the candle and stole noiselessly down the stairs, as if the thought had driven him from the place.

When he was back in his own room he began to walk up and down, thinking.

"He is but a boy," he said, "a handsome boy; 'twould be a sin to harm him. Yet, being sent here as he is, in a way that can be no other than providential, 'twould be a sin to let him go. How if I make him pay all my debts, and so leave the Liberties and live respectably ever after? Respectably!" he laughed a little. "Why, who would believe that the great Dr. Shovel could be respectable? The mud of this place, this dwelling beside a ditch, hath entered into my soul as the iron of the chains entereth into the soul of the prisoner. My name is too deeply daubed with the Fleet mud; it cannot be cleansed. And should I give up my place? Should I leave to another the honour I have won and the income I make therefrom? Shall there be another Chaplain of the Fleet while I survive? No; that will never do. How could I live away from this room wherein I wallow day and night? Here am I at mine ease; here I get wealth; I cannot leave this place."

He was in great perplexity. He wandered up and down; he was torn between his wrath against the father and his consciousness that it would be a mean and dreadful villainy to take revenge upon the son.

"I must have taken too much punch," he said, "thus to be agitated. Punch, like wine, 'is a mocker, strong drink is raging.' The Christian should forgive; the father is dead; the lad is a handsome lad and may be good. Besides, whatever I do to the boy, his sire will neither know nor feel. I might as well suppose that the legs and heads on Temple Bar feel what is said about them below. I am a fool; yet am I but a man. For such a crime even a saint would feel a righteous wrath. Yet it is cowardly to take revenge upon the son, the committer of the crime having gone to his own place. Yet he is that man's son. What then to do?"

He turned the question over a thousand times, yet found no answer. At last a thought came to him. He nodded his head and laughed aloud. Then he sought his arm-chair, adjusted his ample gown so as to get the greatest amount of comfort out of it, placed his feet upon a stool, and folded his arms.

"I have taken at least a quart of punch more than is good for me. That is most certain. Otherwise I should have known at once what I should do. I have actually forgotten the peculiarities of my own position. Which shows that I am neither so young nor so strong as I have been. Perhaps the system wants a fillip. I will take a dose of Norway tar-water to-morrow. But first, my lord, you shall find out, early in the morning, why I am called the Chaplain of the Fleet."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW KITTY EXECUTED THE DOCTOR'S REVENGE

THE doctor seldom transacted business before nine o'clock in the morning, unless, as sometimes happened, a spirited apprentice, a lad of mettle, came with his master's daughter, both stealing away at seven, before the master and mistress were up, when she was supposed to be attending morning prayers at church, or helping Molly the maid with the mop, and he was expected to be cleaning out the shop and dressing the window. The ceremony over, they would go home again, but separately, young miss carrying her Prayer Book before her as demure as a kitten, looking as if she had never heard of a Fleet marriage, and was ignorant of the great Dr. Shovel, chaplain, yea, bishop of that place; while the boy, with brush and broom and watering-can, would be zealously about his master's work when that poor man—his morning dish of chocolate or pint of small ale despatched—appeared in the shop for the conduct of the day's affairs. Afterwards they could choose their own time for declaring what had been done. Thus did the doctor make or mar the fortunes of many a bold prentice-boy.

This morning the doctor awoke from sleep at seven or thereabouts, having in four hours slept off the punch and tobacco in his arm-chair. His face became almost benign in its thoughtful unkindness as he remembered the guest lying asleep upstairs, and what he was about to do for him. He rose, shook himself, opened the windows and doors, and went out into the market, still in his nightcap, carrying his wig in one hand and his silk handkerchief in the other.

The market was already crowded with purchasers, principally those who buy a barrowful of fruit and vegetables, and bawl through the streets until all is sold. But there was a good sprinkling of maids and housewives buying provisions for the day. The morning was fresh, with a little autumn fog, and the sun shining through it like a great yellow disk; the waggons stood about with their loads of cabbages, carrots, parsnips, potatoes, apples, plums, and sloes, waiting till they could be discharged; on the heaped-up piles of fruit and vegetables you could see hanging still the slender threads and cobwebs which are spun every night in autumn time by invisible spiders, and appear in the morning strung with beads of dew.

"Stand aside!" cried the stall-keepers, one and all. "Make way for the doctor! Don't you see the doctor? Room for the doctor!"

He walked magisterially to the pump, under which he held his bare head for a few moments while a boy pumped the cold water over him. This done, he shook his head, mopped his poll with his silk handkerchief, clapped on his wig, and returned to his own house, his robes majestically floating around him.

The market, proud of its doctor, made way for him with salutations and inquiries after his reverence's health.

At the house he found his two runners waiting for him, as fresh—if pale cheeks and red noses can look fresh—as if they had not been up until two o'clock in the morning.

He sent for a pint of small ale, and began to consider what next. "Roger," he said, "canst thou, at the present moment, lay thy hand upon a woman willing to be a bride, either in the prison or elsewhere?"

Roger hesitated.

"It depends, your reverence, on the bridegroom. About Tower steps, for instance, and down Wapping way, there are brides in plenty to be picked up for the asking."

"Not brides for me, Roger. Think again. I want a bride who wants a husband, and not a sailor's money; who will stick to her husband and make him as happy in his wedded life as you and the rest of mankind are or have been."

Roger grinned. He was himself a widower, and could be tickled with the joke.

"I think I know the very woman," he said. "A young widow—"

"Good," said the doctor.

"She has been extravagant, and is in debt—"

"Very good," said the doctor.

"A prisoner in the Fleet; but I can fetch her out in a twinkling, for half-a-crown."

"Ay—ay," said the doctor. "Go on, honest Roger. A widow, extravagant, and in debt. That promises well."

"Her husband was an honest draper in Gracechurch Street, who lately died of small-pox, leaving her a good business and a thousand pounds in money. She hath already squandered the thousand, wasted the business, and brought herself to ruin. She is comely, and is but thirty years of age; to get out of the Fleet, I think she would marry the—"

"She shall marry better than that, Roger. Go fetch her here: tell her to come and talk with me, and that if she pleases me in her conversation and appearance, she may shortly marry a gentleman."

"This," said the doctor, when his man was gone, "will be a good stroke of business. This shall be his punishment. My lord shall marry this extravagant slut. No paltry common revenge this. Just punishment for the first generation. He will gain a pocketful of debts and a wife who will stick to him like a leech. Aha!—a City wench—none of your proud City madams, grand enough to be a countess—but a plain tradesman's widow, with no ideas beyond a dish of tea, Bagnigge Wells, strawberries at Bayswater, cakes at Chelsea, or at the best, a night of wonder-gaping at the quality at Vauxhall; a wife of whom he will be ashamed from the very first. This is good business. What a pity! what a thousand pities that his noble father is no more!"

The doctor laughed and rubbed his hands. Then he mounted the stairs again, and entered his bedroom. The lad was still sound asleep; his cheeks less red, and his breathing lighter.

"His head will ache," said the doctor. "I fear he is unaccustomed to punch. When he wakes his limbs will feel like lead; his throat will feel like a limekiln; his tongue will be furred like the back of a squirrel; his eyes will be hot and heavy, as if he had a fever; his hand will shake like the hand of a palsied man; he will totter when he tries to walk. Aha! cursed drink! Time was, when I, who am now as seasoned as a port-wine cask, or a keg of Nantz, would feel the same when I awoke after such a night. Age brings its consolations." He rubbed his hands, thinking that he could now drink without these symptoms. "I will marry him," he continued, "while he is yet half-drunk. When he recovers, it will be time to explain the position of things. Should I explain, or should his wife? Ho! ho! A draper's widow of Gracechurch Street to marry the heir of all the Chudleighs!"

He stood over the bed again, and passed his hand lightly over the sleeping boy's cheeks. Something in his look touched the doctor, and his eyes softened.

"Poor lad! I never had a son. Perhaps, if there had been one, things would have been different. He is a very handsome boy. Pity, after all, that he must marry this jade, this extravagant wench who will waste and scatter his patrimony, and likely bring him to shame, when, being so young, so handsome, and so rich, he might have had the prettiest girl in the country"—here he started again—"might have had—might have had—can he not have? Is there a prettier girl or a better-bred girl anywhere in the land than Kitty Pleydell? What more can any man want? She is of gentle blood—on one side at least, for the Shovels, it is very certain, do somewhat smack of the soil. Never a Shovel, except the Reverend Gregory Shovel, Doctor of Divinity, who hath risen to greatness. Clods all. Here is a great chance for such a revenge as would have driven the old lord mad, and will be a blessing and a boon to the young lord. Ho! ho! my Lord Breaker of Promises, my Lord Trampler of Dependents, my Lord Villain and Rogue, how likes your lordship that your son should marry my niece? As for you, young spark, I give you a bride so sweet, so fair, so fresh, that by heavens! you ought to woo her for a twelvemonth, and then go and hang your foolish neck by a garter because she would not say yea. Well, well! let us return good for evil—let us still be Christians. Yet no Lord Chudleigh hath deserved to have any benefit at my hands."

He rubbed his hands; he laughed to himself, his shoulders rolling from side to side: he nodded his head pleasantly at his victim, then he went downstairs again, with grave and thoughtful mien. He was thinking how best to bring about his purpose.

He found, however, waiting below, Roger, his man. With him there came a woman dressed in shabby finery. She was a woman of about thirty-two years of age, stout, and still comely; she looked about the room as if in search of some one; her face was eager and anxious. When she saw the doctor, she put her handkerchief to her eyes and burst, or pretended to burst, into tears.

"Alas, doctor!" she cried, "I am truly ashamed to come in such a plight. But I have nothing else to put on. And Roger, good man, says that the gentleman will not wait. Who is the gentleman? Surely not Thomas Humpage, the mercer, who always promised to marry me when my husband should die, and now refuses because, although a warm man, he will not take upon him the burden of my poor debts. Alas! men are ever thus towards us poor women. Pray, doctor, who is the gentleman? Far be it from me to keep the poor man waiting; and, indeed, I was ever a pitiful woman, and—"

"You are under a little mistake, madam," said the doctor, interrupting her. "There is no gentleman here asking for you. Roger is an ass, and a pig."

Roger made no reply. Excess of zeal frequently led him into mistakes. He stared straight before him, and modestly edged away in the direction of the door, so as to be out of reach both of the doctor's fist, the weight of which he knew already, and the lady's nails.

The poor woman's face fell, and real tears crowded into her eyes. Now the doctor was a man who could not bear the sight of a woman crying, so he hastened to soothe her.

"Your case, madam," he said, "hath awakened my commiseration. I have sent for you to know whether, should Roger be able to find a suitable husband, you would be willing to take him."

"Oh, doctor!" she sobbed; "best of men! If only you can find me a husband, I should be grateful to the end of my days. I would marry any one—any one—even Roger."

Roger swiftly vanished through the door.

"He may be as old as Methusalem, and as ugly as a foreign Frenchman, but I would marry him—to take my place in the prison and go free once more."

"Roger," said the doctor, "is a great matchmaker. He hath persuaded many couples into this room that never thought, when they went out to take the air and see the shops, of coming here. See, now, would the skipper of a merchantman serve your turn?"

"Doctor, I love a sailor. They make confiding husbands, and they bring home money."

"Once married, you are free. And then your creditors would have to catch your husband, who, if he is the handy tarpaulin that deserves you, will show them a clean pair of heels off the Nore. Madam, I will do my best. Meanwhile, perhaps a guinea would be of use to you."

She cried in earnest as she took it. "Oh, doctor, the debts are not much altogether; a poor two hundred pounds. And a man may always be happy in the prison. There are skittles and beer. But a woman never can. And I would go to see him sometimes—say twice a year."

She went away weeping. But she stopped when she saw Roger outside the door, and held a few minutes' eager conversation with him before she returned to her prison. Perhaps he found some simple country lad or sailor who was beguiled into marrying her, only to take upon him her debts, and to lie within the four walls instead of her. But indeed I know not.

We had finished our breakfast and were tidying the room; my thoughts were full of the country that morning, because I had dreamed of the old place and the garden with its yellow leaves, the trailing cobwebs, banks covered with branches of mignonette, nasturtium eight feet long, pinks now mostly over, bending their faded heads, and the larkspur, foxglove, Venus's looking-glass, bachelors' buttons, mournful widow, boys' love, stocks, their glory over now, their leaves withering and all run to seed. I was talking about these sweet things with my ladies, when I heard the doctor's voice at the bottom of the stairs, bidding me quickly take my hat and hood and run down to him, for that he needed me half an hour.

I obeyed, little thinking what was to follow. He said nothing, but, by a gesture, bade me follow him.

When we came to his house, Roger and William, his two runners, were waiting outside the door, and the room was set out in the usual fashion, in readiness for any who might chance to call.

"You," said the doctor to the men, "wait outside until I call you. Stay, fetch a quart of ale at once."

The ale brought, the man retired and shut the door.

"Kitty," said my uncle, "I have long intended to bestow upon thee the greatest good fortune which it is in my power to procure. Thou art a good girl; thou hast shown a spirit of obedience. I have reflected that it is not well for thee to remain much longer in the Rules, and the only way to provide thee with a home elsewhere is to provide thee with a husband."

"But, sir," I said, beginning to be extremely terrified, "I do not want a husband."

"So say all young maids. We, child, know what is best for them. I could have found thee a husband among my friends. Sir Miles Lackington, indeed, spoke to me concerning the matter; he is a baronet. The Lackingtons are an old family; but he hath squandered his fortune, and I cannot learn that any more money will come to him. Besides, he drinks more than is befitting even in a gentleman of title."

"Oh, sir," I cried, "not Sir Miles."

"No, Kitty"—the doctor smiled benevolently upon me—"I regard thy happiness first. No drunkard shall marry my niece. Mr. Stallabras hath also opened his mind upon thee; he is an ingenious man, with a pretty wit, and, if verses were guineas, would be a great catch for thee. But alas! he hath no money, so I dismissed him."

Poor Solomon! That, then, was the reason of a late melancholy which we had remarked in him. Mrs. Esther took it as caused by the wrestling of genius, and said that the soul within him was too great for the bodily strength.

"But, Kitty," here the doctor beamed upon me like the sun in splendour, "I have here—yea, even in this house, the husband of my choice, the man who will make thee happy. Start not—it is resolved. Child, obey me."

I declare that I was so terrified by the doctor's words, so amazed by his announcement, so spellbound by his words and manner, that I did not dare resist. Had he told me that I was to be hanged, I could not have made an effort to save myself.

"Obey me," he repeated, bending his eyebrows, and looking upon me no longer as a sun in splendour, but as an angry judge might look upon a criminal. "Stand here—so—do not move; keep thy face covered with thy hood, all but thine eyes. Give me your hand when I ask it, and be silent, save when I bid thee speak. Be not afraid, girl; I do this for thine own good. I give thee a gentleman for thy husband. Thou shalt not leave this place yet awhile, but needs must that thou be married. I return in five minutes."

He took the jug of beer and climbed the stairs. I meanwhile stood where he had placed me, my hood over my head, in the most dreadful terror that ever assailed the heart of any girl.

Upstairs the doctor awakened Lord Chudleigh with some difficulty. He sat up on the bed and looked round him, wondering where he was.

"I know now," he murmured, "you are Dr. Shovel, and this is—"

"Your lordship is in the Liberties of the Fleet."

"My head is like a lump of lead," said the young man.

"Your lordship was very merry last night, as, indeed, befits the happy occasion."

"Was I merry? Indeed, I think I was very drunk. What occasion?"

"Drink a little small ale," said the doctor; "it will revive you."

He took a long drink of the beer, and tried to stand.

"So," he said, "I am better already; but my head reels, doctor, and my legs are unsteady. It serves me right. It is the first time, and it shall be the last."

"I hope so, since your lordship is about to undertake so important a charge."

"What charge?" asked Lord Chudleigh, still dazed and unsteady.

"Is it possible that your lordship hath forgotten your mistress of whom you would still be talking last night? 'The sweetest girl in England—the prettiest girl in all the world—the fairest, kindest nymph'—I quote your lordship."

Lord Chudleigh stared in amazement.

"The sweetest girl?—what girl?"

"Oh, your lordship is pleased to jest with me."

"I remember you, Dr. Shovel, whom I came to see last night, with Sir Miles Lackington; I remember the punch and the songs; but I remember nothing about any girl."

"Why, she is downstairs now, waiting for your lordship. You will come downstairs and keep your appointment."

He spoke in a peremptory manner, as if ordering and expecting obedience.

"My appointment? Have I gone mad? It is this cursed punch of yours. My appointment?"

The doctor gave him his coat and wig, and helped him to put them on.

"I attend your lordship. She is downstairs. Take a little more ale to clear your head; you will remember then."

The young man drank again. The beer mounted to his brain, I suppose, because he laughed and straightened himself.

"Why, I am a man again. An appointment? No, doctor, hang me if all the beer in your cellar will make me remember any appointment! Where is Sir Miles? He might tell me something about it. Curse all punch, I say. Yet, if the lady be downstairs, as you say, I suppose I must have made some sort of appointment. Let me see her, at any rate. It will be easy to—to—" here he reeled, and caught hold of the doctor's hand.

What a crime! What a terrible wicked thing was this which we did—my uncle and I! I heard the steps on the stairs; I might have run away; the door was before me; but I was afraid. Yes, I was afraid. My uncle had made me fear him more than I feared the laws of my God; or, since that is hardly true, he made me fear him so much that I forgot the laws of my God. I did not run away, but I waited with a dreadful fluttering of my heart.

I held my hood, drawn over my head, with my left hand, so that only my eyes were visible, and so I kept it all the time.

I saw in the door the most splendid young man I had ever seen; he was richly dressed, though his coat and ruffles showed some disorder, in crimson coat and sash, with flowered silk waistcoat, and sword whose hilt gleamed with jewels. His cheek was flushed and his eyes had a fixed and glassy look; the doctor led him, or rather half supported him. Was this young man to be my husband?

Roger must have been watching outside, for now he came in and locked the door behind him. Then he drew out his greasy

Prayer Book, standing by his lordship, ready to support him if necessary.

"So," he said, "this is the sweetest girl in all England—hang me if I remember! Look up, my girl: let me see thy face. How can I tell unless I see thy face?"

"Silence!" said the doctor in a voice of command.

I know not what strange power he possessed, but at the sound of his voice the young man became suddenly silent and looked about the room, as if wondering. For myself, I knew that I was to be married to him; but why? what did it mean?

The doctor had begun the service. My bridegroom seemed to understand nothing, looking stupidly before him.

Roger read the responses.

The doctor did not hurry; he read the exhortation, the prayers, the Psalms through slowly and with reverence; other Fleet parsons scrambled through the service; the doctor alone knew what was due to the Church; he read the service as a clergyman who respects the service ought to read.

"Will thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?"

The man Roger gave the dazed bridegroom a jog in the ribs.

"Say 'I will,'" he whispered loudly.

"I will," said the young man.

"Will thou," the doctor turned to me, "have this man to thy wedded husband?"

Roger nodded to me. "Say 'I will,'" he admonished me.

I obeyed; yet I knew not what I said, so frightened was I.

"Who giveth," the doctor went on, "this woman to be married to this man?"

The dirty, battered rogue, the clerk, took my hand and laid it in that of the doctor. I was given away by the villain Roger. Then the service when on.

"With this ring"—the man's hand was holding mine, and it was dry and hot; his face was red and his eyes were staring—"with this ring I thee wed; with my body I thee worship; with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

Consider—pray consider—that when I took part in this great wickedness, I was but a young girl, not yet seventeen years old; that the thing came upon me so suddenly that I had not the sense to remember what it meant; that my uncle was a man of whom any girl would have been afraid. Yet I knew that I ought to have fled.

When my bridegroom held my hand in his I observed that it was hot and trembling; his eyes did not meet mine; he gazed upon the doctor as if asking what all this meant. I took him, in my innocence, for a madman, and wondered all the more what this freak of the doctor's could mean.

For ring, the doctor drew from his guest's little finger a diamond ring, which was full large for my third finger.

When the service was finished, bride and bridegroom stood stupidly staring at each other (only that still I wore my hood drawn over my face), while Roger placed upon the table a great volume bound in parchment with brass clasps.

"This, my lord, is our Register," said the doctor, opening it at a clean page. "Sign there, if you please, in your usual hand. I will fill in the page afterwards."

He took the pen and signed, still looking with wondering eyes.

"Now, child," said the doctor, "do you sign here, after your husband. The certificate you shall have later. For the present, I will take care of it. Other practitioners of the Fleet, my lord," he said, with professional pride, as he looked at his great volume, "would enter your name in a greasy pocket-book and give your wife a certificate on unstamped paper. Here you have a register fit for a cathedral, and a certificate stamped with no less illustrious a name than the Archbishop of Canterbury. Your lordship hath signed your name in a steady and workmanlike fashion, so that none henceforth shall be able to malign your conduct on this day; they shall not say you were terrified, or bribed, or were in a state of liquor on the day of your marriage; all is free and above suspicion. I congratulate your lordship on this auspicious occasion. Roger, your mark here as witness. So. It is customary, my lord, to present the officiating clergyman, myself, with a fee, from a guinea upwards, proportionate to the rank and station of the happy bridegroom. From your lordship will I take nothing for myself; for the witness I will take a guinea."

Here the bridegroom pulled out his purse and threw it on the table. He spoke not a word, however; I think his brain was wandering, and he did not know what he did. Yet he obeyed the voice of the doctor, and fell into the trap that was set for him, like a silly bird allured by the whistle of the fowler. I am certain that he knew not what he did.

The doctor pulled one guinea from the purse, and handed it back to the owner.

"Roger," he said, "go drink his lordship's health; and hark ye—silence. If I hear that you have told of this morning's doings, it shall be the worst day in all your life. I threaten not in vain. Go!"

Then the doctor took up the tankard of ale which stood in the window-seat.

"Your health, my lord;" he drank a little and passed it to his lordship, who drained it; and then, with a strange wild look, he reeled to the doctor's arm-chair and instantly fell fast asleep.

"Your husband is not a drunkard, Kitty, though this morning he appears in that light."

"But am I married?" I asked.

"You are really married. You are no longer Kitty Pleydell: you are Catherine, Lady Chudleigh. I wish your ladyship joy."

I stared at him.

"But he does not know me; he never saw me," I remonstrated.

"That he does not know you is very true," replied the doctor.

"When the fitting time comes for him to know you, be sure that I will remind him. For the present he shall not know whom he has married."

"I perceive," he went on, seeing that I made no reply, "that thou art a good and obedient child. Ask no questions of me. Say not one word to any one of this day's work. Be silent, and thou shalt have thy reward. Remember—be silent. Now, go, child. Go, Lady Chudleigh."

(To be continued)

MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA

"PROCUMBIT HUMI Moose"—low lies the trophy of our guns. Not a *lie*, for it has no horns, but a poor cow, who has perhaps lagged behind to look after her silly calf. We are mighty hunters! For this have we travelled eighty miles into the bush from Ottawa; for this have we taken up our abode in a deserted shanty, and braved cold twenty degrees below zero. For this did S—e become a hewer of wood and drawer of water, hacking at cedar trees and barking his own shins. For this did H—d fry pork; for this was my nose frozen, compelling me to sit with it plunged into a basin by day, while by night I shared a bunk with the tallest man in Quebec (was cradled, as it were, in a manger), who took up all the room and all the *buffalo*.

Is that memory of a bed of balsam boughs pleasant? Emphatically no! Nevertheless we braved it all, we and our Indians (see Sketch No. 4), David Pas-Plus, Johnnie Brown, and Nelson Rivet, a French trapper.

Nelson was a brave man: he had shot one bear from the outside of a shanty through a hole, and had had the tail of his coat torn off by

another. He was over sixty. He said when he saw his portrait, "I shall be an ugly old man when I'm old." He asked one of the Indians how old he might be, and the Indian answered, "Le bon Dieu sait; je connais rien dedans."

Let us fancy ourselves primordial men in the primordial forest. Let us fish in the primitive Indian way, through a hole in the ice. See, the primitive char or bass swallows the bait unsuspectingly. Now mark a wonder! Let the fish freeze hard, then put him into water and he thaws into life.

Man is a hunting animal. Look at that Indian on the trail of the moose. See how he glides under the branches without shaking the feathery snow from them; he looks at the white maple twigs the moose has nibbled; and he lifts some snow from the track and examines it in his palm. One can't help feeling the instinct of the blood-hound stirred within one. The tracks that were ten days old have become three, two—to-day's! Here is a bed under the balsam just left by the moose, a snow intaglio of a moose.

Our imagination pictures a lordly animal with horns six feet in span—at bay. A moose but seldom comes to bay. Humphrey (the tall man fishing there) once stood face to face with one in a spot with no trees but low tamarisks. He had no gun. He fired at 150 feet with a pistol, and hit the moose in the shoulder. It never moved. He fired again and hit him straight in the forehead. Still he never stirred. Then was Humphrey (so he says) the worst scared man in Quebec. He edged round to windward. The moose sniffed the wind, and then quietly trotted off.

Another time Humphrey set his dog at a moose at bay. The moose struck the dog with his fore foot deep into the snow. His master waited for him to come out, but he was dead and buried. Might not something like this happen now?

Alas! no. Humphrey snapped his rifle at something I did not see, though I stood by his side, the trees were so thick with snow. He pulled again, and this time his rifle went off.

H—d, when he heard the shot, found his gun frozen. Johnny fired, and shouted when he saw the moose down. David ran up, thinking the moose was killing him. What a commotion, and all for a cow! Never mind, we're free of the forest.

Let us skin the moose. The hide is worth 10 dollars—25 dollars if made up into mocassins.

Cut off the moufle* for a dainty dish and a leg for a trophy. To-night we will have a feast. Cut plenty of venison steaks.

A rough red meat, most hard to chew! and how ill-cooked! Give me that broken tin of preserved milk and let me muse on the civilisation we have left. No—let us be jolly, and sing Canadian boat songs in character, this bench for a canoe, and our snow shoes for paddles. So the time goes like water in a rapid.

SYDNEY P. HALL

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

II.

So rich and varied an assemblage of Dutch pictures as that which now occupies the Second Gallery has never before been seen at Burlington House. It is true that Rembrandt, who, by the greatness and comprehensive nature of his genius, holds a place apart from his countrymen, is not so well represented as on some former occasions, and that several other masters of the school, especially in the departments of portraiture and landscape, are entirely absent; but the *genre* painters, those who dealt only with the familiar things about them, and by their art imparted beauty to scenes of the most ordinary kind, as well as those who depicted incidents of rustic and domestic life with dramatic power and unequalled fidelity, are here in the fullest force. Of the seventy-two pictures which the room contains, more than half are contributed by Mrs. Hope. Some of these are masterpieces, and they are all fine examples of the work of their various authors.

By De Hooghe, whose skill in dealing with the intricacies of light and shade has never been equalled, there are three pictures, all of the finest quality. It would be difficult to imagine anything in its way more perfect than "A Card Party," lent by the Queen. The picture has unfortunately been injured, the face of one of the party being almost obliterated; but, as in most of De Hooghe's works, the incident depicted is unimportant, the figures being valuable chiefly for the place they hold in the general scheme of colour and light and shade. The glow of daylight which pervades the room, modified by the red curtain at the window, the flickering reflected light on the walls and roof of the shadowed passage, and the bright sunshine in the courtyard beyond are rendered with consummate art. Scarcely, if at all, inferior to this, is Mrs. Hope's "Interior," or the Earl of Strafford's "Court-yard of a Wine House." They are both full of suffused light and delicate gradations of colour. The only picture by the artist who, more nearly than any other, approached De Hooghe in the especial qualities of his art, Jan Van der Meer, of Delft, "An Interior," is by no means a fine example of his style. It is covered, moreover, with a thick coat of yellow varnish which obscures whatever beauty of colour it may originally have possessed.

Gerard Terburg's serious and simple style of treating male portraiture is well exemplified in the small full-length of "A Burgomaster," but fugitive pigments have been employed, and the flesh tints have no longer the glow of life and health. Of the class of work by which Terburg is more generally known, a fine example is to be seen in the picture of "Soldiers Drinking and Smoking," on the opposite wall. The subject is not particularly interesting, but the figures are true types of character, and, as regards manipulative skill and harmony of colour, it could scarcely be surpassed. Some of the artists of later date and narrower range who rivalled Terburg in imitating the external aspect of things, but failed to infuse much vitality into their works, are well represented.

The small picture of an "Old Man with Violin" standing at a window, by the elder Mieris, is chiefly remarkable for the minute and elaborate care with which the numerous still-life objects are painted; but the pictures by Gabriel Metsu are in every way better. That representing a "Gentleman in Black Dress, Writing," is remarkable for its skillful distribution of colour, its general harmony of tone, and finished workmanship; but the larger picture, "Lady Reading a Letter," displays qualities of a rarer and more subtle kind. Nothing could be more expressive, and at the same time graceful, than the figure of the serving-maid who, waiting while her mistress reads a letter, draws aside a curtain to look at a picture hanging on the wall. The scene is full of suffused light; the colour, though brilliant, is perfectly harmonious, and it is painted throughout with a clear, crisp, and expressive touch, that few painters of the school have equalled, and none surpassed. We have seen nothing by the artist so luminous in tone or so perfect in keeping.

By Jan Steen, who of all the Dutch painters had the keenest perception of character and the strongest sense of humour, there are three admirable works. "The Christening" and "A Lady Offering Wine to a Gentleman," both large compositions of many figures, happily illustrate the well-to-do, if not very refined, domestic life of his time. They are both convivial scenes, but though full of movement and animation they are entirely free from coarseness; they are marked moreover by a higher degree of technical accomplishment than he often attained; as regards colour, composition, or completeness of execution, they leave nothing to be desired. His remarkable power of characterisation is more strikingly shown in the "Portrait of Himself and His Wife" seated beside a table on

* The moufle is the long upper lip of the moose, held to be a delicacy.

which are the remnants of a feast. This is a scene of vulgar sensuality, but its coarseness is redeemed by the skill and obvious truth of the interpretation. A very striking figure is that of the painter, who sits smoking with an air of perfect satisfaction; the look of keen intelligence which illumines his vulgar and sensual face is not reflected in that of his wife, a lady of ample form, who with unbuttoned bodice has fallen asleep in her chair. David Teniers the younger, who, though a more superficial observer of human nature than Steen, has much in common with him, is also largely represented. His "Worship of Bacchus" consists of several separate groups, unconnected with each other, and none more important than the rest; but, notwithstanding its incoherent nature, it is a work of great ability, displaying in the figures infinite variety of character and expressiveness of gesture. It is remarkable, moreover, for its fine gradations of colour and masterly ease of execution. The finest work of the painter, however, and the most complete, is the low-toned and luminous interior of "An Oil Mill," lent by Earl Cowper. By Cuypp, there is a small riverside scene with a "Herdman and Cows" in the foreground, delightfully pure in tone; and by J. Van der Heyde, a view of a "Village Church and Cottage," displaying his unrivalled skill in combining great elaboration of detail with comprehensive truth of effect.

Rembrandt's portrait group, "A Lady and Gentleman," must have been produced at a very early period of his career; but though the execution is rather laboured, and though it wants the pervading glow of colour and transparency of shadow never absent from his later work, it is a fine example of serious domestic portraiture. The heads, besides being distinctly individual in character, are admirably modelled, and the general effect is broad and simple. Two pictures by the great Dutchman painted at a later date are to be seen in the third gallery. The life-size portrait of "Marshal Turenne" on horseback, despite certain defects in the drawing of the horse, is a work of great power, but the adjoining "Portrait of a Man" is a more characteristic example of the painter's work. Strikingly life-like is the young man's face, and full of expressive energy his action, as, inspired apparently by a sudden impulse, he rises from his books to take down his red cap from the wall. It would be impossible in words to convey an impression of the luminous tone of this picture or of its rich harmony of colour. A very large portrait group by Van Dyck, representing "John, Count of Nassau, his Wife, Son, and Three Daughters," hangs at the opposite end of the gallery. This is not one of the artist's best works, for though it contains many fine passages of colour, and is painted throughout with masterly facility, the heads are rather inanimate, and the attitudes of the figures somewhat stiff and formal.

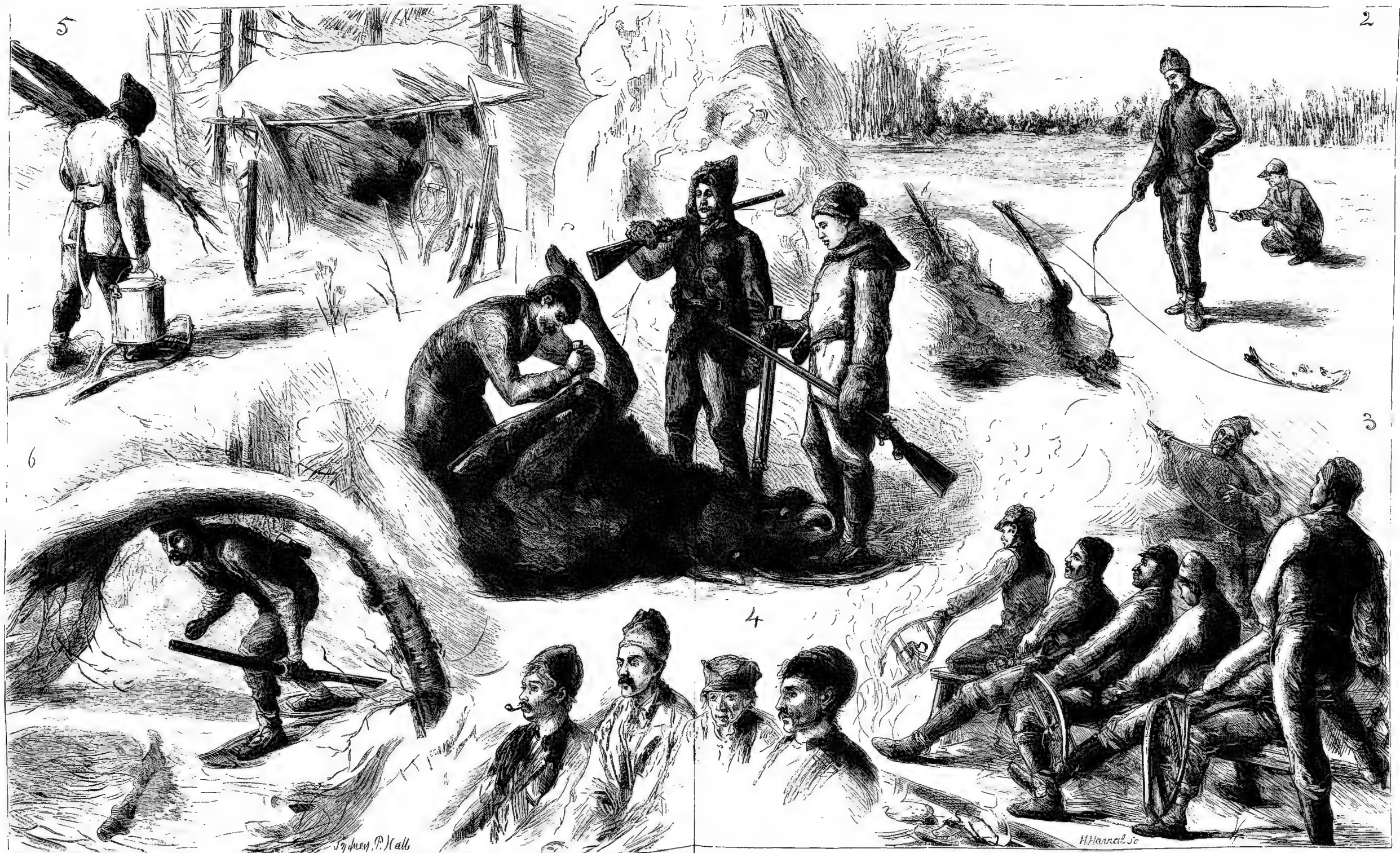
The pictures of the various Italian schools are not very numerous, nor are they nearly so important as many that appeared in the early exhibitions here. Among the most interesting are two early Raphaels, both representing the "Virgin and Child," from Earl Cowper's collection. The first in order, together with something of the artist's own individuality, is strongly imbued with the spirit of the primitive school in which he was educated. The influence of his master Perugino is visible in the want of natural action in the figures and in the formal disposition of the drapery. The second and larger picture is of later date, and marks the progressive development of the painter's art. While not less sincere than the earlier work, it is infinitely nobler and more mature in style. There is much beauty in the head of the Virgin, which is seen in profile, but that of the infant Christ, elevated in character and radiant in expression, is the best part of the picture. The portrait of "Andrea del Sarto," by himself, is probably authentic, but it is more languid in expression and more infirm in execution than other well-known portraits that he painted of himself. By Correggio there is a small head of Christ crowned with thorns, "Ecce Homo," in his most severe and best manner; and by Guido a life-sized "Head of St. Cecilia," painted with marvellous dexterity, but feeble in character and super-sentimental in expression. Paolo Veronese's large fantastic composition, "Venus and Mars," is a characteristic example of his most exuberant style, glowing with colour, and executed with extraordinary power. Titian's "Holy Family" has been seriously injured, and is obscured by dirt; but his group of children, "The Daughters of King Ferdinand of Austria," is a charming work and in perfect preservation. Interesting examples of the immature work of the very early Italian schools are to be seen in Pinturicchio's "Virgin and Child," Ghirlandajo's "Bishop and Four Saints," and the portraits of themselves by Masaccio and Francia.

The "Portraits of the Princess Isabella and Catherine," daughters of Philip II., lent by the Queen, seems to us only a moderately good specimen of Sir Antonio More's work. The large full-length of Lady Apsley, by Zuccheri, is painted with remarkable force, but the head is overpowered by the brilliancy of the richly embroidered costume. More interesting than any of these is Holbein's "Portrait of Sir Thomas More." Though not painted with the artist's accustomed firmness, the head is a fine study of character and expression. The SS. collar which hangs round the Chancellor's neck seems to be the work of another hand. By Michael Wolgemuth there are two remarkable pictures illustrating incidents in the life of Christ; and by some very early German painter a quaint and grotesque "Deposition" erroneously attributed to Albert Durer.



IN "Queen Cophetua" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), Mr. R. E. Francillon offers to the world precisely that sort of work which is now expected of him, full of close thought and keen analysis. The reader can scarcely turn to a single page without finding some memorable thing, and every line is marked by a rare conscientiousness and a rare individuality. There is something of an over-scrupulousness of conscience, and something of a tacit scorn of the methods by which a novelist is commonly contented to arrest attention. Modern novels are for the most part easy of mental digestion—"Queen Cophetua" is not, and is not meant to be. It is not in any sense a mere novel of the day, and the mere novel reader of the day, though he may read it for the sake of the story, will miss half its wit and nine-tenths of its wisdom. He may even grow a little weary of that subtle process of analysis which will seem to him to arrest, though it really carries on, the story, and the glitter of epigram and dazzle of paradox which sometimes run for page on page compel an understanding reader to abandon that railroad pace which is the fashion with the patrons of the library. The character of Gideon Skull, who, in spite of the title, is the chief figure in the book, is not so uncommon in real life that he might not have been seized before, but Mr. Francillon is the first to handle him, and the picture of the honest scoundrel is drawn with a strong and cunning hand. Any review of the book, however brief, ought to include a mention of those chapter-headings which are so especial a feature of Mr. Francillon's novels. Melody and philosophy meet in the verses heading the twelfth chapter, and no real reader will miss the Knight of Malavis, or overlook the graceful humour in the verses which prelude chapter twenty-two.

A novelist can hardly end by instructing unless he begins by pleasing. Mrs. Lean, better known to novel readers under the name of Florence Marryat, has been, for long past, so bent upon the end as to have forgotten the paramount necessity of the means

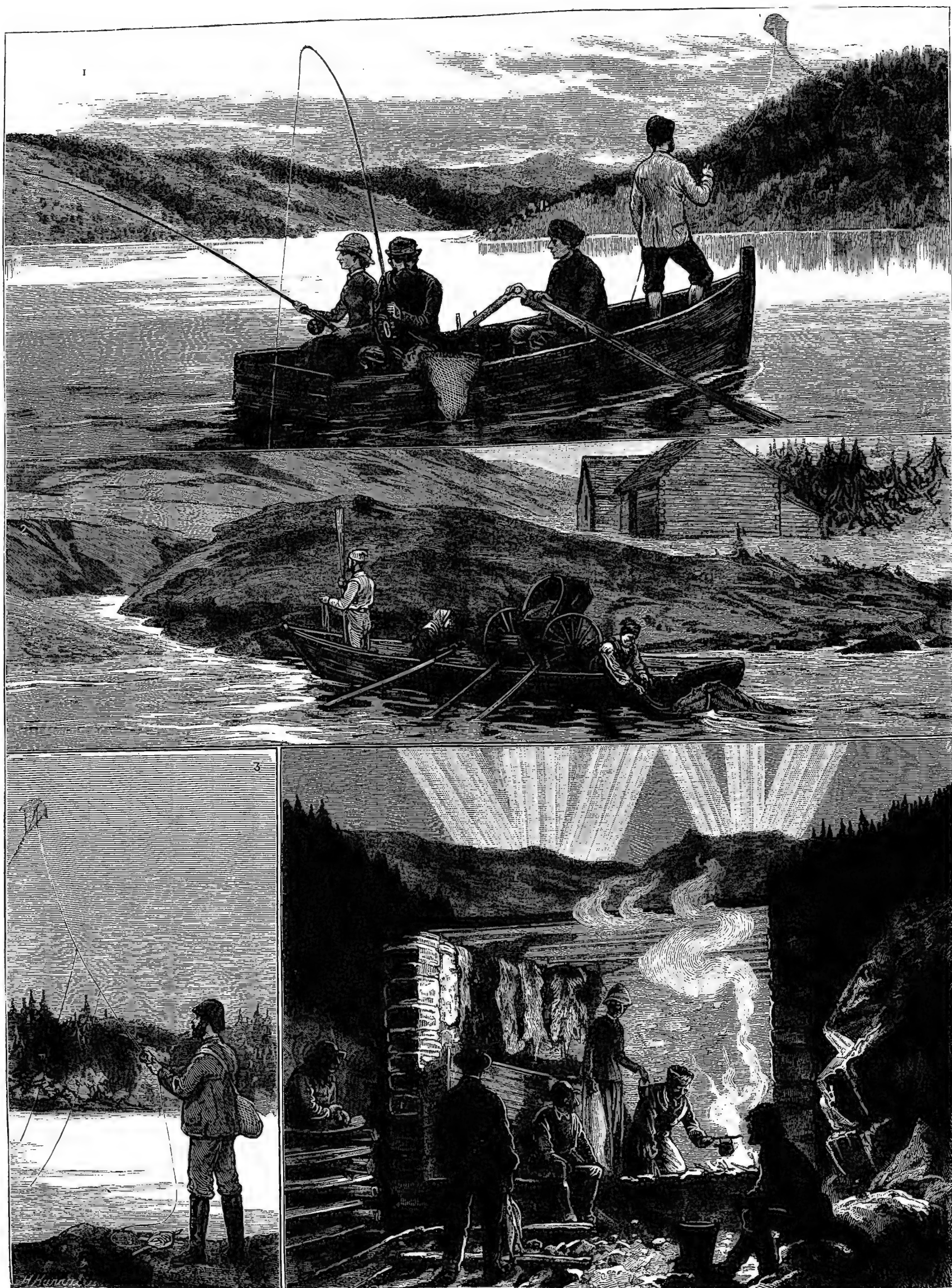


1. LOW LIES THE TROPHY OF OUR GUNS.—2. FISHING IN THE PRIMITIVE INDIAN FASHION—THROUGH HOLES IN THE ICE.—3. AFTER THE DAYS SPORT—SINGING CANADIAN BOAT SONGS IN CHARACTER.—4. MIGHTY HUNTERS.—5. A HEWER OF WOOD AND DRAWER OF WATER AND A "LEAN-TO" HUT.—6. AN INDIAN ON THE TRAIL: THE "FORM" OF THE MOOSE.

MOOSE HUNTING IN CANADA

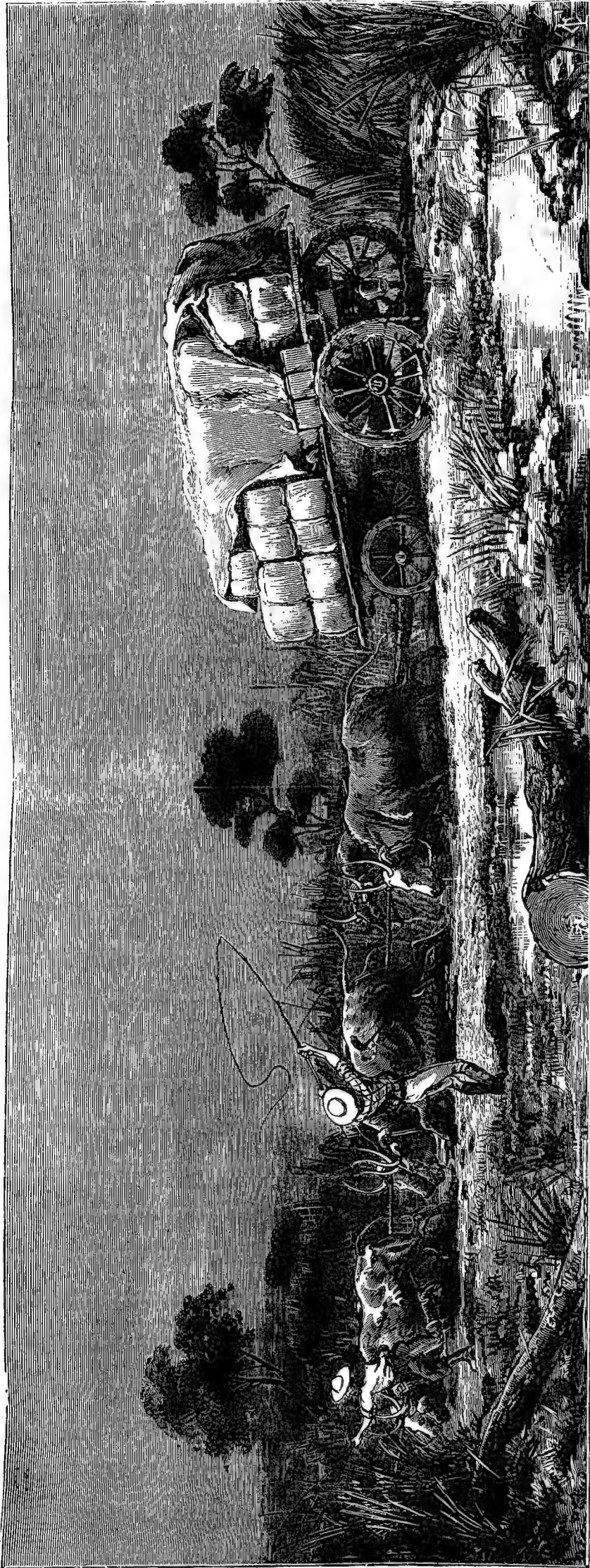


MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—“The Lawn Tennis Galop” by E. Simmons, and “The Old Blue Polka” by Lionel Owen, will not only catch the eye by their gay frontispiece, but also will please the ear by their well-marked music.

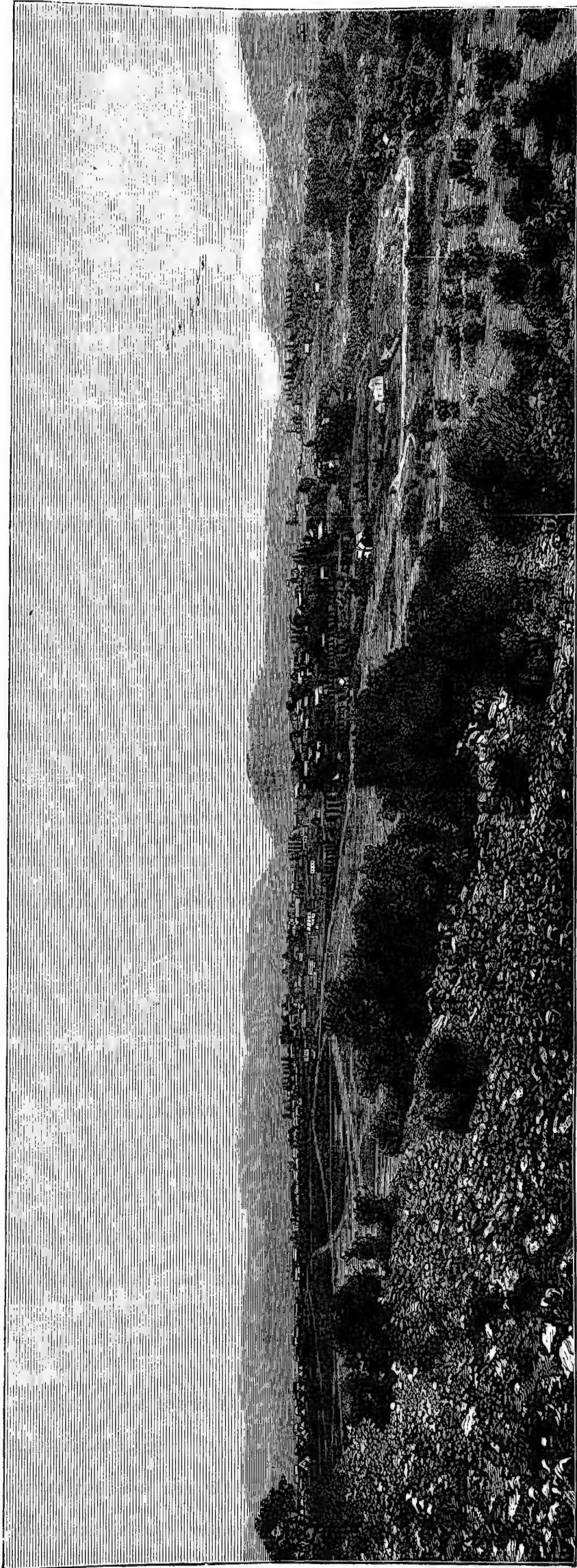


1 and 3. New System of Fly-fishing.—2. Crossing a River.—4. A Midnight Picnic in a Fisherman's Shed.

SKETCHES IN NORWAY



THE TRANSPORT DIFFICULTY—A BULLOCK TEAM IN A SWAMP



Hospital Tents and Fort (where the Troops are Besieged) Convent Col. Gildes's House Cathedral Trees around Government House
PRETORIA, CHIEF TOWN OF THE TRANSVAAL, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE BOERS
THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL

of that form of meat is prejudicially affected. At the same time, the future would seem almost inevitably to be with the sheep-holder, and the best authorities are agreed that all probabilities favour a material price advance later in the year.

CATTLE DISEASE is now being attacked by the Privy Council Office through the most stringent regulations. No fair for the sale of stock may be held in all England until the end of February, except for fat stock, to be permanently marked by clipping and slaughtered for a specified period. Between its first exhibition and its slaughter no stock is to be exhibited at any market, fair, or auction whatsoever. The "infected areas" include whole counties, and from such areas no cattle exposed for sale shall afterwards be moved alive. The latest step taken by the Privy Council has been to close the Hereford Market, one of the largest in the United Kingdom. These measures impose great trouble, oftentimes pecuniary embarrassment on farmers, for whom compensation is unobtainable, and who are simply sacrificed for the general good.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will give for their Derby Show gold and silver medals for sheep-binding machines, and ten silver medals for new implements. The judges will also be empowered to make special awards of medals for efficient modes of guarding or shieling machinery, especially when worked by steam, from contact with persons immediately engaged in attending to such machinery while at work. The charges for space being considerably reduced from last year, there is likely to be a larger show than before. The list of prizes is a complicated one; but, as far as we can make out, the awards for horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs will not be so liberal as they were at the Carlisle Show.

THE TENANT NAMED PARNELL.—A Dublin daily paper states that Mr. Parnell, of Land League fame, figures at Rathfriland, Wicklow, in the modest rôle of a farm-tenant—sub-letting, we presume. Now the rent of this farm is far above Griffith's valuation, yet "the tenant named Parnell" continues to pay it. It therefore is suggested that he should be "Boycotted" for not complying with the rules of the Land League.

WILD CATS are generally supposed to be extinct in this island, but Mr. Horace Brown asserts that this is far from being the case. In the Forest of Dunrobin one was recently taken in a trap, while another was killed while swimming in Loch Brora. Six wild cats have been killed on the Duke of Sutherland's estates between 1873 and the present date; but his Grace wishes to preserve them, and so several have been seen and let go alive. It should be added that these wild cats have by many generations of savage life "differentiated" in accordance with their "environment," until they have developed marked characteristics of their own. In Wood's "Natural History" these characteristics are very clearly explained.

SUSSEX FARMERS are doing well in forming an association for the improvement of their local agriculture, principally by means of experimenting on native soils and discovering what crops are really best suited to different districts. The valuable experiments carried on in Aberdeenshire have given the South-country agriculturists a hint, and the vigorous action of Lords Leonfield and Chichester has prevented the suggestion being thrown away. We believe the principle might be applied in every county, and that many farmers would be glad to have a right by membership of such an association to be told what were the soils and their requirements each on his own farm.

RARE BIRDS.—The following are among the rare birds killed in Lincolnshire during 1880: September 6, Spotted Crane; September 20, Honey Buzzard; both near Spalding. October 6 and November 8; Peregrine Falcons at Burton and Sleaford respectively. November 8, Young Puffin, at Cawthorpe; November 19, Peregrine Falcon, at Bourn; November 22, Grey Phalarope, at Cowbit; November 25, Bittern, at Addlethorpe; November 26, Peregrine Falcon, at Bourn; and November 27, Common Buzzard, also at Bourn.—Mr. Evans, bird stuffer, of Bourn, informs us that in forty years' experience he has never seen a honey buzzard or a grey phalarope before the above mentioned specimens, both of which were sent to him to stuff.

THE DISEASES OF FOWLS.—From over 440 *post mortem* examinations during 1880 it appeared that no less than ninety-one birds died from inflammation of the bowels, forty-nine from liver, and sixty-five from lung disease, while heart disease, apoplexy, diarrhoea, indigestion, ovitis, and scrofula, each claimed a considerable number of victims. There are several plain warnings to breeders contained in this list. Pigeons are shown by another table to die through very much the same causes.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We understand that the Northampton and Peterborough Agricultural Societies have agreed to hold an amalgamated show on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of June. The Huntingdonshire Society have declined to amalgamate, and will have a show at Huntingdon.—We regret to hear that the cattle disease has extended seriously in Gloucestershire, Leicestershire, and Warwickshire. The other counties where infection prevails are about *in statu quo*; Scotland and Wales are still free.—The historic church of Crail in Fife was fired by an incendiary on Sunday week. The fire somehow burnt itself out without doing much damage, but this was not for want of care on the criminal's part. The wretch had heaped up books, seats, hassocks, &c., round the pulpit, and fired the bottom of the pile.

JACK FROST IN THE CISTERN.—Any inventive genius, with a turn for domestic science, may earn for himself the lasting gratitude of at least the house-keeping portion of the nation, by introducing into our houses something in the way of water-piping that shall defy Jack Frost and all his malicious devices. It is a most humiliating reflection, proud as we are of our many stupendous triumphs of engineering skill,—of tunnels that burrow beneath seas and bridges of a mile-long span,—that we are almost at the mercy of the weather for an uninterrupted supply of the chief requirement of existence. The ice-king walks the earth but for a single night, and next morning it is in vain that the turncock with his great key unlocks the aqueous main. The water rushes briskly enough as far as the threshold of our domiciles, but there it is brought to a standstill. Yesterday's residue has frozen in the pipe, which might, for the time being, as well be a rod of solid lead for all the chance the limpid stream has of penetrating it. And the worst of it is the difficulty of discovering the precise part of the pipe's trailing length that is at fault. The search is as tantalising almost, and not half as amusing, as the childish game of "Hot Boiled Beans." It is in the joint in the pantry, some one guesses, and straightway a poultice of hot sand is applied to the supposed afflicted portion, but with no advantage. It is in the bend by the area door, or in the valve of the supply tap within the cistern itself; and in order to relieve the congestion, fomentations of hot water and flannel muffings are applied with as much solicitude as though the insensible brazen vent were a human swelled face, but in vain those in attendance listen for the expected gurgling sound that promises an abundant inflow of the precious liquid. It is not until a thaw comes that the lurking-place of the enemy is discovered, and then the basement is flooded, ceilings are spoiled, carpets ruined, and there is the plumber to pay. In the interim, as every one knows whose lot it is to reside in the suburbs, how wretched is the makeshift provided by the water company! The matter seems to be left entirely in the hands of the local turncock. He shows himself a most tyrannical master of the situation. He makes his appearance at whatever hour of the day best accords with his private convenience with his wooden plug-pipe, and having fixed it, he permits an excited scramble for the water, by pail-and-pitcher-bearing maid servants,

for half an hour, and then he stops the supply and walks off, to return again not until some time to-morrow. Surely it comes within the scope of human ingenuity to devise some means by which our houses may be secured against this periodical vexation.

SLOP FURNITURE.—There are few London householders of the middle class who have not at some time or other experienced inconvenience and annoyance attendant on an acquisition of slop-made furniture. They are by no means secured against the fraud by being careful to avoid "sacrifice" shops, or those establishments that increase and prosper by continually "selling off" the ments that increase and prosper by continually "selling off" the stock at "a ruinous reduction below cost price." There are unscrupulous tradesmen who make it a rule to demand as high a price for their rubbishing chairs and tables and cheffoniers and wardrobes as would be charged for similar articles honestly manufactured, and they do so with a perfect knowledge of the real quality of the goods, and no one better than themselves should be aware that disappointment and vexation will be the fate of the purchaser. They do not manufacture the goods themselves, for the simple reason that they can buy all manner of sitting and bedroom furniture for less than the bare material—provided it were of the quality they profess it to be,—would cost them. It is not generally known that at the East End of London there are almost as many slop cabinet-makers as there are shirt-stitchers. Poor miserable, half-starved wretches, who somehow or other have picked up a knowledge of the trade, and who slave in back rooms and in underground kitchens with their wives—who can use saw and plane as well almost as the men folk—for sixteen or eighteen hours a day, Sunday included, for a bare subsistence of bread and tea, with perhaps a pound or two of butcher's meat by way of distinguishing the first day from the other's. The work is appropriately named "slaughter work." The slaughter cabinet-maker works for no furniture dealer in particular. After, with the assistance of his family, he has made three or four washstands or chests of drawers in the course of the week, he has to take them on a handbarrow or in a cart to hawk them amongst the known slaughter buyers until he can dispose of them. On a Saturday afternoon these slop-furniture-laden vehicles may be counted in dozens as they start out from the neighbourhoods of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, and they travel miles to all parts of London and the suburbs. The slop-buyers—the "ruinous sacrifice" tradesmen—know to a sixpence the exact cost of the vamped-up goods, and never on any account give more than will leave such a margin as will pay the unfortunate maker more than half-a-crown or three shillings for his day's work of so many hours. Father, mother, and two or three sturdy boys and girls will seldom earn more than about thirty shillings a week amongst them, and this he it borne in mind after they have availed themselves of all the small dodges and devices that poverty teaches, and by the practice of which they may save a halfpenny here and a penny there. But the slop buyer does not trouble himself about such details. So long as the articles are "viewy," as he expresses it, and are put together strong enough to bear handling by an intending purchaser, he is perfectly well satisfied, and so he will may be, considering the enormous profits he derives from the toiling and sweating of the poor slop-worker.

STONE-YARD PRACTICE.—At this inclement season of the year, wherever else labourers may be idle, there is sure to be business enough stirring in those most unremunerative of all fields of industry, the parish stone yards. The profit looked for is mainly of a moral kind. By means of the simple machinery there employed the parochial authorities hope to check laziness and imposture, while at the same time they offer to the really necessitous hard-working man a means of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, allowing him full latitude to preserve his independence. The able-bodied applicant for a night's lodging and a something that serves as a breakfast is accommodated on condition that before he is allowed to depart on the morrow he must convert a certain measure of large pieces of granite stone into pieces so small that each one will pass through an iron ring three inches in diameter. Again, a poor fellow unable to obtain employment elsewhere may apply at the stoneyard, and if there is room for him he will be set to work, the pay being at the rate of about a pound of bread for every bushel of stone the taskmaster passes as properly broken. With this last-mentioned feature of the stoneyard business not much fault can perhaps be found, though it is a fact that not unfrequently a man desperately driven by poverty will buckle to the hard bargain to find, after two or three hours of painful labour, in performance of which his hands are blistered and broken, that he has not yet broken a bushel, or nearly, on which he gives up the task in despair, and leaves the yard hungrier and more heartbroken than he came. Read by this light, it is good exercise for one's patience to read with equanimity such cases as that which appeared last week in the newspapers of an individual described as of "gentlemanly appearance and good education" who was brought before the magistrates by a workhouse task-master to answer to the offence of failing to break the prescribed number of bushels of stone in return for his lodging and breakfast of bread and gruel. The defendant exhibited his hands, which were blistered, and pleaded his utter inability to perform the task assigned him. On the contrary, the taskmaster, who was present, was ready to declare that it was only an idle excuse, and that "any man" could break a bushel of stones in an hour and a-half if he had the "will." The magistrate appeared to be of a different way of thinking, and let the offender off with a light punishment. Assuming the man's explanation to be truthful, he should not have been punished at all. He had been subjected to the labour test, and had broken down while doing his best at it. By "any one" being able to acquire himself to the satisfaction of the stoneyard authorities the task-master probably meant any one who has had experience of the business. It may appear that not much art or cunning is required to reduce a large piece of granite to fifty smaller pieces, but let an amateur try it, and he will find that he might almost as well hammer away at a cannon-ball. It is knack that makes it easy, and knack is the result of practice. An habitual "casual" will break his two bushels between breakfast and noon, and make nothing of it, while a broken-down clerk or half-starved, soft-handed tailor will find it nothing less than torture.



THE WORKING OF THE JUDICATURE ACT.—It is announced that the Government have, on the suggestion of the Lord Chancellor, decided to appoint a Commission to inquire into the working of the Judicature Act. Lord Coleridge will probably be appointed Chairman, and the Bench, the Bar, and the Solicitors will be represented on it. The attention of the Commission will be specially directed towards the necessity of putting an end to the present block of business in the Courts.—Mr. James T. Aston, in a letter to *The Times*, points out that, according to the literal construction of the Judicature Act, the recent Order in Council, even if unchallenged by Parliament, cannot come into force until after the lapse of thirty days on which each House shall have sat, instead of merely thirty days reckoned consecutively from the 6th inst.; so that, as the House of Lords only sits four days a week, no appointments can be made earlier than March 1. He further remarks that the Act provides "for the abolition on vacancy," not for the abolition of "vacant offices," and requires that due notice of the Council shall be given to all the Judges; and he contends that a legal difficulty

may be raised as to the validity of a resolution adopted at a Council held when two important offices (those of the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chief Baron) were vacant.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE met on Tuesday for the first time since the death of Sir James Colvile, to whose calm judicial spirit, untiring patience, and never-failing courtesy a high tribute was paid by Sir Barnes Peacock on taking his seat, and also by the Attorney-General and Mr. Leith, Q.C., on behalf of the Bar.

JURYMEN AND WITNESSES.—Last week, at the Central Criminal Court, Sir T. Chambers, the Recorder, had to take the strong and unusual course of discharging a jury, because one of their number had been seen talking with a witness in the case during an adjournment. It was explained that their acquaintanceship was of the very slightest character, and the impugned jurymen assured the Court that the conversation would not in the slightest degree influence his mind; but the prosecuting counsel was inexorable, and the trial was postponed till next Sessions, in spite of an earnest protest from the prisoner who should he happen to be acquitted, will certainly have some ground of complaint, although there seems to have been no other way out of the difficulty.

PUNISHMENT OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS.—Sir W. Harcourt, replying on Friday to a deputation from Manchester and Salford, said that, though anxious to take the earliest opportunity of introducing a measure on this subject, he thought it better not to be in any hurry, but to wait until the fullest possible information had been obtained. As soon as the returns were complete, he will issue them in a Blue Book which, besides the evidence and opinions of magistrates, school authorities, and other bodies, will contain an account of the methods adopted in other countries for the correction of juvenile offenders, and the report of the committee now sitting on reformatory and industrial schools, a body of evidence which will, he thinks, form the soundest basis for permanent legislation. He believes it to be a mistake to confound juvenile offenders with the pauper class, by sending them to workhouses; and he thinks that the subject of the responsibility of parents ought to be one of the leading features of any fresh legislation. He is indisposed to interfere in too absolute a manner with the magistrates, regarding it as the wisest and most useful course to offer them the largest possible number of alternatives, relying upon their judgment to select that which is best suited to each individual case. Meanwhile, he thinks that the evil is to a great extent curing itself, for, whereas the list of juveniles committed to prison in August last covers three closely-printed pages, the return for the first fortnight in December shows only seven actually sentenced to imprisonment, and fifteen imprisoned on remand.

THE CONVICTION OF THOMAS TITLEY solely on the evidence of police witnesses, who acknowledged that they had laid a trap for him, is to be made the subject of a memorial to the Home Secretary from persons whose attention has been drawn to the extraordinary nature of the case, as well as from his wife, personal friends, and neighbours. The strong feeling which existed in the minds of many persons that this had been a miscarriage of justice was not removed by the off-hand way in which Sir V. Harcourt last week spoke of the "absolute knowledge" which the police had obtained of the prisoner's antecedents. The information given by the men Taylor and Morgan was purely *ex parte*, and for aught that appeared in the Home Secretary's reply to Sir H. Maxwell, they may both have been false witnesses prompted by some private spite. Mr. Sheridan's questions on Monday and Tuesday were expressive of a widely felt dissatisfaction with the manner in which the police are known to have arranged their evidence in certain cases.

PRACTICAL JOKING is at all times highly dangerous, and has often led to fatal results. At the Chelmsford Assizes, on Saturday, a young man was tried for the manslaughter of a youth named Butler, whom he had shot one dark night while he was prowling around a cottage with the intention of frightening the inmates. Fortunately for the accused, the deceased lived long enough to tell the doctor that it was all his own fault; and this being so, an acquittal was the natural consequence.

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLER has just been arrested and committed for trial for two jewel robberies, alleged to have been committed by him in September last, and in October, 1879. His plan was to go to an hotel and engage a suite of rooms to which access could be obtained by two passages, or staircases. Then calling on a jeweller, he would ask that somebody might be sent with a quantity of valuable trinkets to be inspected by an invalid lady. On arriving at the hotel, the shopman was of course left to cool his heels in the outer room, whilst the thief made off with the goods through the bedroom. In one instance the value of the goods so obtained was 200*l.*, and in the other 140*l.*

THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD TRAGEDY.—After several adjournments, during which he must have suffered much painful anxiety, the charge of wilful murder against Mr. Robert Hume, who was suspected of having shot a young woman in a house at St. John's Wood, has been dismissed by the magistrate, who, agreeing with the open verdict of the coroner's jury, remarked that what little evidence there was tended in favour of the idea that the pistol went off accidentally while the deceased was, as the accused said, "fooling" with it.

THE ANTI-JEWISH AGITATION IN GERMANY has reminded the Berlin *Volkzeitung* that Prince Bismarck is closely allied to the Israelitish community. His sister married a Jew, several nephews hold the same faith, and the Prince has various other close links with the persecuted race.

SUNDAY ART EXHIBITIONS.—The Society of British Artists opened their gallery to the members of the Sunday Society on Sunday last, and on the next and following Sundays the public will be admitted by tickets obtained through the Sunday Society. A special cheap catalogue has been compiled for these occasions.

MR. C. WENTWORTH WASS, who after twenty-two years' valuable services has ceased to be the Manager of the Picture Gallery at the Crystal Palace, was recently presented by a number of friends at the Queen's Hotel, Upper Norwood, with a testimonial of 200 guineas, and a handsome silver salver. The cause of Mr. Wass's retirement, it is stated, is owing to the Directors having decided to relinquish the management of the Art Gallery, and to let it to certain dealers in foreign works of art.

TWO HIGHLY CURIOUS JAPANESE DOGS have been sent to the German Empress by the Empress of Japan. They are the first ever imported into Germany, and somewhat resemble the King Charles spaniel, except that their ears are short. They have long silky hair, are snowy-white, with a few black spots on the bodies and coal-black heads, while they are snub-nosed, and very broad across the forehead. Their eyes are enormous, and increase as they grow older. The queer little creatures travelled from Yedo in a handsome kennel luxuriously lined with silken curtains, and they live upon boiled rice.

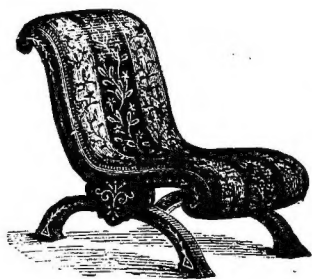
A HUMBLE HERO OF SCIENCE, the Aberdeen weaver and botanist, John Duncan, who recently presented to the Aberdeen University a valuable herbarium of 1,200 specimens which he had himself collected in all parts of North Britain from the Tweed to Banffshire, is now in failing health and very poor circumstances, and an appeal has been made to raise sufficient funds to maintain him in comfort. John Duncan is eighty-seven, and can therefore no longer pursue his calling; while he has been a hard-working man, making botany his only luxury. His work in the botanical field was recently sketched in *Good Words*. Mr. W. Jolly, H.M.'s Inspector of Schools, Inverness, will receive any contributions

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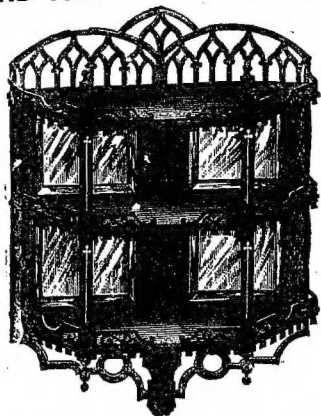
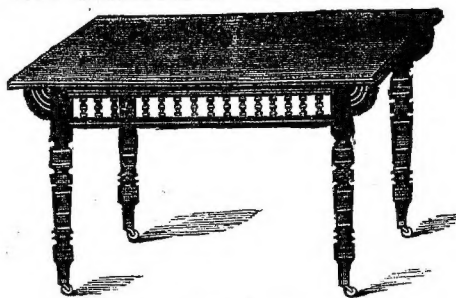
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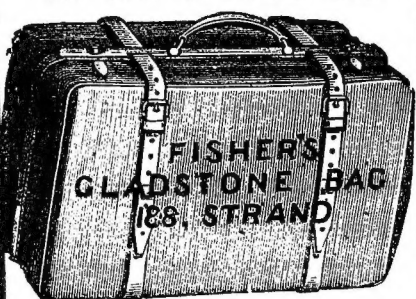
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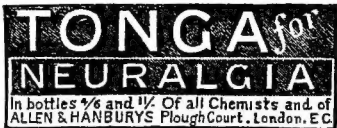
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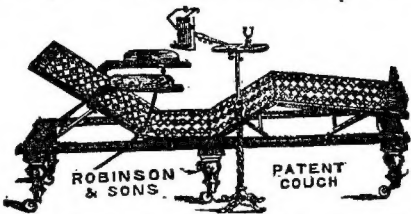
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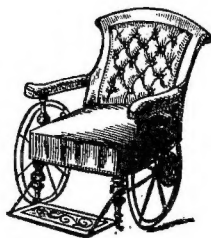
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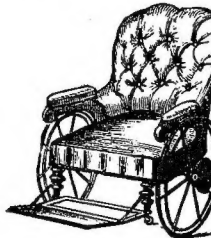
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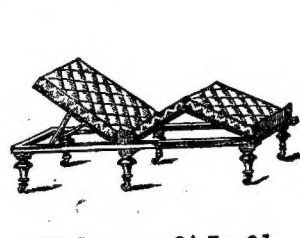
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